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Without Concealment-----Without Compromise.

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Selections.

THE WAR.

We give below, from the National Intelligencer, some portions of a letter to a member of Congress, from the seat of war. It will give a good notion of what this Mexican war is, and is likely to be:

POINT ISABEL, June 29, 1846.

SIR:—Being here among that (too many) unfortunate class called volunteers, and having not much else to do but to protect myself from the effects of a hot sun and almost daily rains for the last two weeks, I have concluded to make a few notes for the information of those who keep an eye on the acts and management of the persons charged with the prosecution of the war with Mexico. My position enables me to see and hear much of what is going on; but I do not, like some others, pretend to know everything; therefore you must not discredit what I state, because I do not tell all you may wish to know, or all that occurs. * * * *

The President, in his message of the 11th of May, says, "American blood has been shed on American soil," alluding to the affair that took place on the 24th April, between the dragoons, under the command of Captains Thornton and Hardee, in which some were killed, and the others taken prisoners by the Mexicans. There is much to be said upon the question whether it is rightfully American soil where this affair took place; but certain it is, that as soon as Captain Thornton was given up by the Mexicans, on the 10th or 11th of May, he was put under arrest by General Taylor, for disobeying his orders while on that expedition, and bringing on that fight contrary to his wishes. He is now here under arrest—a circumstance I have not seen mentioned in a public manner. I may, at some future time, send you a statement of some facts bearing on the assertions of the President, and the circumstances relied on, to prove that the bank of the Rio Grande was American soil. It may be so considered now.

As soon as the alarm of war was rung through the country, volunteers hastened here from various quarters, until there is now on this frontier, some eight or ten thousand, and many more on the way. Many of these men have left comfortable homes, and have come, expecting to see active service. Instead of that, they are scattered over the country, in different encampments, xposed to the heat of the sun in latitude twenty-six, and the soaking rains of the summer solstice, inactive, and many indulging in dissipation, to kill time and chase away ennui. I will explain why this is so. The great object seems to have been to hasten men on here, without any particular object. If it be for purposes of defence, General Taylor has proved he did not want many to assist him—certainly no more than he called for. If the object be invasion, the men come poorly provided. They come with arms in their hands, and there are provisions enough, easily obtained, but there is not a sufficiency of transportation for an army of five thousand men. If some attention had been paid to the necessary means of transporting supplies for an army, it would have been much better than sending masses of men to suffer in this climate. An army cannot move without provisions, and if we penetrate far into the country it will require a great number of wagons. There are about three hundred wagons and teams here, but not drivers enough for them; when I say here, understand with the army. We are told the Government has three hundred wagons in or about Philadelphia; when they will be here no one can tell; mules have to be purchased, and no chance of getting them, except from the Mexicans; they are perfectly wild, and must be tamed, and taught to work; this will take a long time after the wagons arrive. The Mexican officers are having the mules driven off as fast as they can into the interior, and forbid any sales to us; still a good many are brought to Matamoros, and are purchased. A month ago an officer was sent to New Orleans to purchase several steamboats, suitable to navigate the Rio Grande. None of them are here yet, and, from what we have been informed, when they do arrive, it is not probable they will answer the purpose. In the meantime, the mouth of the river has been closed by a bar; the steamers, Sea and Cincinnati, chartered at high rates, were caught inside, and are of little or no use, drawing too much water. The Colonel Harney steamer, belonging to the Government, was, during the last week, in open daylight, run on the bar, off this harbor, and has gone to pieces—a great piece of negligence. The utter neglect to supply the army with sufficient transportation for ammunition and supplies, now paralyzes everything, and prevents the army moving on. If we had had, one month ago, three hundred additional wagons, and two or three small steamers in the Rio Grande, we should be now far on our way to Monterey, in a high, healthy country, the men contented and well, and no time given the enemy to recruit their forces, or recover from the consequences of their defeat. Instead of this, I do not believe the army will leave the banks of the Rio Grande before the middle of August, or the commencement of September. Until then the men must be paid and supported—at what cost you will see when you can get hold of the accounts. * * * * *

When the expenses of this war are paid and the accounts exhibited, the Florida expenditures will appear small. The most enormous rates are paid for many things, particularly the use of ships and other vessels engaged in transporting troops and stores; from twenty-five to fifty per cent. more than a commercial man would pay for similar vessels for his own use. Let me give you a few instances. The steamship Alabama is chartered at the rate of $16-500 per month. She was here about the end of May with volunteers, and returned to New Orleans on the 1st inst. She reached the bar at this port several days ago, and was soon after blown off without landing the men on her, and has not yet got back. The steamers Augusta and Cincinnati have long been in service under high charters. The former has been last aground since the 29th May, until two days ago. The latter is cooped up in the Rio Grande, and is of but little service. An old French bark, called the Blayaise was condemned at Galveston the last of April, or early in May, as being unseaworthy, and sold the latter month at auction. The hull, lower masts, and some of the ground-tackle, &c. was purchased for about $1,100 or $1,200. An expense of $300 perhaps was incurred in partially rigging her; when a Lieut. Kingsbury chartered her to bring two companies of Texan volunteers to this place, paying $950 for the trip. Soon after her arrival she was dismantled, her rigging sold or otherwise disposed of, the hull alone hired by the Quartermaster at $30 per day 10.950 dollars per annum: a good interest on $1.500! Other cases as remarkable could be mentioned. A new Quartermaster General is on his way here, it is said, and things may be better managed perhaps. At some proper time it might be well to have an exhibit of the amount paid to each steamer and sailing vessel engaged in transporting troops and supplies for this place for the army, their tonnage, value, &c. and the obtaining from practical business men what such vessels could have been employed for by individuals for their own use. The most enormous rates were also paid last year for transporting to Corpus Christi and St. Joseph's Island. Sometimes as much was paid for a vessel from New Orleans as she could have made on a voyage to Liverpool, and the rates have not abated. At an early period it will be well to look into these expenditures, and know who has made them or sanctioned them.

No one can tell when the army will make a forward movement. My belief is, it will be a considerable time, and solely for the want of transportation. In the meantime the volunteers are much exposed. For two weeks or more it has rained almost every day, and the appearances are strongly in favor of a continuance of it. When it does not rain the sun is hot enough. The tents furnished are of an indifferent kind, and there are a number of companies, particularly among the Texans, that have none at all. Yet the men so far continue tolerably healthy. How long it will last no one can tell.

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From the Express.

DARING ATTEMPT TO AID A SLAVE TO ESCAPE.

We find in the last "Newbernian," published at Newbern, (N. C.,) an account of a very bold but badly planned attempt made there a few days ago, by an Irishman by the name of Daniel O'Rafity to decoy away, and convey to a free State, a slave belonging to John D. Durand, Esq.

O'Rafity came from Washington, N. C. a few days previously to this attempt, probably in accordance with an arrangement made between him and Albert, some months since. O'Rafity and Albert, being both tailers by trade, had been employed for some time previously to last January, in the same shop in Washington. Since that time Albert has been living in Newbern.

On Tuesday last, O'Rafity went to the stage-office, and under the name of Mr. Brown, took two seats in the western stage for Kingston, one for himself, and one, as he said, for a boy by the name of Newman Newland. The next morning O'Rafity and the boy Albert got into the stage, and proceeded on as far as Goldsboro', with the intention as is supposed of taking the railroad for the North. But unfortunately for the success of their scheme, they found on arriving at Goldsboro' that the next train would not leave there until 4 o'clock of the next evening.

Albert's master was not apprised of his absence from Newbern until about 10 o'clock on Wednesday morning. He immediately started in pursuit, and arrived in Goldsboro' about 1 o'clock of the same night. O'Rafity and Albert were both found in bed at the tavern at which the stage had stopped, and with the assistance of two gentlemen who had left Newbern soon after Mr. Durand, and had overtaken him on the road, they were taken into custody.

A warrant was immediately taken out for the arrest of O'Rafity, and he and Albert were sent back to Newbern and lodged in Jail. The case will undergo a legal examination, to ascertain whether there is sufficient evidence to commit O'Rafity for trial. By the laws of the State, the offence of attempting to conceal a slave, with intent to carry him out of the State, is punishable with death.

From the Religious Telescope.

SLAVE-BREEDING BISHOPS.

The editor of the Western Christian Advocate, in reviewing the proceedings of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, has the following language:

"The action of the Southern General Conference in selecting Drs. Capers and Paine for the episcopacy, speaks in favor of placing, in the most influential position in the church, slaveholders on the largest scale. Dr. Paine, we learn, has seventy-five slaves; and in order to attend to his planting interests, (as he would call overseeing servants,) it is said he recently resigned his office as President of La Grange College, in Alabama. Dr. Capers is a large slaveholder. Here the Southern Church has now three slaveholding bishops, ranking among the first class of slaveholders in Georgia, South Carolina, and Alabama. This sanctifies Slavery, of course. It is now certainly a *holy thing*. Slaveholding and *slave-breeding* are now sanctioned by the three *holiest men in the South*. They are not, it is true, such *petty slave-breeders*, as the *little breeders* of Virginia, and the more Northern slave States, who just have a few *selected breeders*. The new bishops have whole families which increase without any studied plan of slave-growing. Yet *slave-breeders* these bishops are, unless they will set the young progeny free: and this is not likely, because brother Crowder affectionately taught us all publicly, at Cincinnati, in 1836, that female slaves of Southern Methodist preachers are better clothed than the wives of Northern Methodist preachers."

From the Tribune.

CONQUEST OF MEXICO.

The *Morning News* says:

"But it by no means follows, when we invade an enemy's country, that we are bound or intend to keep it; nor have we seen even the slightest evidence of any intention on the part of the Administration to acquire by conquest, and hold permanently by virtue of such conquest, a single foot of Mexican territory. Could we, by any fair construction, infer any such design on the part of the Government, we would be the first to lift our voice against it. *Nothing upon earth, or above or below the earth, can be further from the genius and principles of this Republic, than the acquisition of territory by military conquest.* The attempt would be as monstrous as it would be new in our history, and short-lived indeed would be the power and influence of those who should undertake it. *They would be looked upon as the worst of traitors, striking at the life of their country, and laying the foundation for its speedy and certain ruin.* We do not assume to speak by authority of the designs of the Administration, but we have no hesitation in taking the responsibility of assuring the Whig presses that their fears upon this subject are wholly groundless, and will be regarded by the people as so totally absurd that they will not form a respectable shadow of any ground for attacking the Democratic Administration. Something more plausible must be got up, or the Whig attacks will become quite flat and insipid—too much so to make the contest interesting."

Very well, Mr. Morning News—now we will, without intending to insinuate a doubt about it, put your sincerity and your independence to the test. It may be that you have been sufficiently instructed of your mistake by the way The Union skipped over your paragraph; but if not, you are hereby respectfully and distinctly informed that the President himself, clearly and explicitly, some weeks since, stated to a gentleman of the highest respectability, that it was the fixed determination of the Government to take and to hold permanently New-Mexico, Chihuahua, and California, and to annex them, ultimately, to the United States. If you doubt it, ask the editor of The Union to get leave from the President to say that he has not said so; but don't let him quibble upon words. If the President denies it substantially, the name of the gentleman can be given to whom he made the observation.

The fact is that it is a war of conquest, *brought about* for the sake of conquest. It was for this that Mr. Slidell was sent as full Minister and not as a Commissioner to treat exclusively, in the first instance, of the *question of boundary*. It was for conquest that General Taylor was ordered, without letting it be known to Congress, to move upon the Rio Grande. Every man of common sense knew it was the kindling spark of a *war*—a war which Mr. Polk knew Congress would not declare.

Now, then, he thinks he can conquer all Northern Mexico for the President, and by the distribution of ten millions of dollars procure himself to be renominated for the Presidency, by which he may add $60,000 more to the $60.000 which, by all accounts, he will save out of his $100,000 which he is to get for the first four years.

How many nests are in the way of being well feathered by this war? How much will Secretary Marcy's son make for his share of the California plunder?

But to the President's intentions. You may shut your eyes to the proofs of intention to conquer and to hold, but the President will not deny that he avowed to ——, of ——, that such was the design of the Administration.

To conquer and *hold*—mind, that's the word.—Don't let them play upon words; go for the substance, and you will be satisfied that they *are* going for what you say, if they should "*they would be looked upon as the worst of traitors, striking at the life of their country, and laying the foundation for its speedy and certain ruin.*" And for once we heartily agree with you in opinion. Please, Mr. News, make the inquiry openly and frankly through your paper, and as frankly let your readers know the result, and your own determination thereupon.

From the Boston Sun.

IN A STRAIT BETWIXT TWO.

Our colored brethren at the South, and Southwest, are as badly off as the drunkard's wife. "If I find her abed when I go home, I'll lick her—What business has she to go to bed before I do?—and if I find her up I'll lick her—What business has she to be setting up, watching me?"

The South says:—"If we find the free people of color *up* and *fighting* for their country, we'll chastise them for it or restrain them from it—What business have they to fight, and thus *give color* to deeds of *dark* retaliation against us?" And "if we find them *down* and *praying*, we'll both restrain and chastise them—What business have they to be on their knees, troubling *God* about *our* affairs. It is the *knee*-plus-ultra of folly and fanaticism." Witness these two New Orleans newspaper articles:—

FREE PEOPLE OF COLOR.—We hear that a numerous body of free colored men of this city, propose to offer their services as soldiers. Many of our colored inhabitants are respectable and worthy people, holding considerable property, and are sincerely attached to the country; and the patriotism that dictates the proposition is worthy of all praise. It occurs to us, however, that it is entirely inadmissible. Gen. Jackson accepted their services in 1814, to repel invasion, and they proved themselves worthy of the trust. If the city was in danger, they might properly share in its defence.

Even our slaves might be with propriety, employed. But the present campaign will consist of offensive operations. We shall not only force the enemy across the Rio Grande, but, in all probability, push our arms into the very heart of Mexico. In a war of invasion we cannot employ men of color. If we set such a precedent, we shall have no right to protest against the employment of a similar force against us, should we become involved in a war with Great Britain. It is distinctly understood that if the English ever land a regiment of blacks in this country, we can grant no quarter to prisoners. It will be a war of extermination, marked with blood at every step. And we must be careful how we set the *precedent*, when we march into the territory of another power.—*N. O. Jeffersonian.*

UNLAWFUL ASSEMBLY.—A batch of twelve negroes, slaves and free persons, were arrested in a building on the Bayou Road the night before last, by the first Municipality police, on a charge of meeting there ostensibly for prayer and preaching. It appears that the prisoners, as well as other colored persons, have been in the habit of repairing to this place for the purpose of joining in the singing of hymns and *canticques*, which was followed by sermons the subject of which were of the most inflammatory character. The prisoners, having been found in an assembly contrary to law, were punished either by fine or by imprisonment.—*N. O. Delta*, 12th ult.

From the True American.

PETTY INSOLENCE AND TYRANNY.

We have received the following letter from F. D. Hill, Postmaster, Dover, Ky.:

DOVER, KY. June 23, '46.

Being (for the present) my own interpreter of the laws under which I act,—allow me to advertise you, as General Agent of the "True American," that through this office no publicity can be given to that paper, or any other that would have a like prejudicial influence upon two classes of our community; I mean those whom our laws recognize as slaves, as well as those, who not unlike the "American," would beget a spirit of distrust that would subvert the best interests of our community.

You will, therefore, by the directions of some of those to whom the "American" is directed, connected with the position I have myself assumed, save yourself the trouble of mailing any more of your papers to this office.

With all proper respect, I remain, &c.,
F. D. HILL, P. M.

From the Pittsburgh Spirit of Liberty.

DIFFERENCE OF SENTIMENT.

We learn from the daily papers that one of our brothers, Isaac N., is editing a paper *in Matamoros, Mexico*, modestly styled "The Republic of the Rio Grande," and seeking to despoil Mexico of some of her fairest provinces, to "annex" a little more slave territory to our baby-stealing republic. A stupid Democrat asked us yesterday, if we did n't regret calling Polk a rascal for declaring war, when our own brother was condemned with him? No, indeed; we trust never to hesitate to proclaim the truth, though the dearest relative on earth may be condemned. Our brother is young, but should know better; and it is no less outrageous, cowardly, base, to rob Mexico of her territory; although our brother, and other friends, are participating in the crime, and directly approving it. We can make all allowance for circumstances—can understand how men may be led to believe a lie, to confound right and wrong—but seeing as we do the outrageous villany of our country toward Mexico, we would be unworthy our own respect, or that of any honest man, if we remained silent. We know that several of our friends and near relatives were actually aiding in the slaughter of those wretched Mexicans—but was it less wrong therefore? The blood of the father, and the tears of the widow, and the cries of the orphan, may appeal to Heaven against our brother's soul, but we cannot share his guilt in this matter—dearly as we have loved him. God grant that he may yet see as we do, and have time for repentance. His lease of life can be but brief, for consumption has laid its hand upon him; and we grieve to think that so kind a heart as his should lay all its better impulses on the altar of unholy ambition, and the last flickering moments of his life of disappointment and unrest, be spent amid that horrid crew of cut throats and plunderers.

From the Norfolk County American.

The following extracts from Cassius M. Clay's speech, made in Boston on the 19th of September, 1844, when contrasted with his recent conduct in *voluntarily submitting* and *gladly prostrating* himself to the service of a war which he then so violently condemned, is full proof that Southern *chivalry* and *honor* are composed of nothing but baseness, hypocrisy, and falsehood:

"I ask every Democrat here to-night to tell, if there be under heaven, any reason why this project then, is urged upon us, in all this hot haste, but for the avowed, the single, the damnable purpose of extending Slavery over the unborn fifty millions of Texas, and perpetuating the slave rule over us and our posterity? Once more, I repeat, I am against it, NOW AND FOREVER. The Romans made their prisoners of war pass under a yoke, to remind them of their servitude—here is a yoke labelled *War and perpetual Slavery;* shall the future historian write it, that the descendants of the patriots of '76, went forward to the polls in 1844, [and to war in 1846,] and *voluntarily submitted* their necks to bondage, *gladly prostrating* themselves before the heel of the tyrant?

"We trample upon the most solemn treaty between Mexico and the United States, and rush over the Constitution, TO WAR IN THIS FIENDISH PROPAGANDISM; and in such a war, according to the laws of nations, it is not only the right, but the bounden duty, of all Christendom to come in to the help of Mexico, and reduce us to a sense of common justice. And in *such a war*, when the banner of 1776, 'right against might,' once borne by us, is now borne by them—*when I shall be called upon to rally to the standard of my country, inscribed with* 'ETERNAL SLAVERY,' *I am bold in the avowal that though I profess to be as brave as most men, I have no heart for such a contest*—I AM A COWARD IN SUCH A CAUSE! On our own soil, in defence of our own rights, I defy the world in arms—*but in such a cause as this, if the Bible be true, we cannot succeed;* if history be not a fable we cannot hold permanent conquest; 'they who live by the sword shall perish by the sword,' and at all times, dominions based upon unjust conquest, has fallen to sudden ruin, and ultimate retributive desolation! This republic must stand upon *justice*, a *high moral sentiment*, or else it *cannot stand at all.*"

The following excellent article we take from the Norfolk County American, published at Dedham. Read it:

BOSTON;

Ever the abode of a notional people.—In '76 they had a notion to be free,—In '46 they have a notion to keep so.

The above is numbered 9—and recorded among the sentiments offered at the late Fourth of July celebration in Boston. We have endeavored in vain to comprehend its meaning, or to find, either in the regions of fact or fancy, an appropriate loop upon which to hang it. We are not sure that it belongs anywhere, or was ever intended to answer a serious purpose. It may have been procured for the occasion where such wares of self-glorification are cheaply manufactured "at the shortest notice." Had it not been intended for a picked body of men invulnerable to such weapons, we should have marked it for irony,—the Boston notion of freedom being, at this time, simply a joke,—but being compelled to receive it as something premeditated and serious, let us examine it by the light of events, past and present. Its author seems to have had some nursery knowledge of one of the heroic periods of our history. He had possibly heard of Hancock, whose *property* was once offered upon the altar of liberty; he may have heard also of Samuel Adams, whose patriotism was sufficient to withstand all the temptations of the British exchequer. In the light of these brilliant examples, and in pursuance of a habit which has been preserved simply because it has never been assailed, he has fallen upon one important truth. Boston did, indeed, in '76 have a notion to be free, and because of it we wonder at the comprehensive folly that endeavors to link the "heroic" Boston of '76 with the lickspittle Boston of '46.—The Boston of '76 was the scene of great deeds and the home of great men; the Boston of '46 is the warehouse of ninepenny calico, and the home of fawning, empty-headed, sycophantic cowards. We mean, of course, the Boston which speaks to the world by public acts, and utters herself through the public press. There were craven wretches skulking about the streets of Boston in '76—there are brave, lion-hearted, noble men in the Boston of '46. If Hancock may be considered a type of the Boston of '76, Lawrence may perhaps be considered the type of the Boston of '46. Hancock pledged life, fortune, and sacred honor, for liberty; Lawrence pledges all for personal popularity, and a tariff. Hancock's great enemy, (England,) could not get possession of *him*, though she made offers of honors and gold; Lawrence's great enemy, (the South,) which has heaped insults upon his State, spit upon himself, and for twenty years made war upon his business, can have *him* at any moment she pleases for a gill of soft soap. Hancock ruled the Boston of '76, because he had won the admiration and regard of her citizens by brave and generous deeds in behalf of public liberty; Lawrence rules the Boston of '46, because he has bought one large portion of her citizens with money, and subdued another large portion by the power which he possesses over their mercantile credit. He inspires the hopes of some, and awakens the fears of others. As public dinners are proffered him in various parts of the country, we behold at once the extent of his business and the lively gratitude of his debtors. His most ardent admirers are catalogued in his "bills receivable." Hancock was full of patriotism—Lawrence is full of vanity. But what shall we say of the second limb of the Toast? "She means to keep so." The poor, blind toady believes that Boston is free; and we can almost see, in imagination, a faint gleam of animation pass across his vapid and stagnant countenance as he bravely says, "She means to keep so." What is the freedom of the Boston of '46. It is the freedom of the sloth bound by a tether short enough to confine him within fixed and given limits, and long enough to cheat an animal disposed to delve and rot amidst the graves of its progenitors, and which hears new sounds, and sees new sights, and feeds upon new aliment, only when the stake of its tether is removed by its master. This is the freedom of the Boston of '46. A few beings of nobler origin and higher destiny have run out the length of their chains, and the world foolishly imagines that such and such only are fettered. For uttering the language and breathing the sentiments of the Declaration of Independence, Garrison has been hunted and attainted by a mob of respectables; for preaching the temperate, humane, and honest truths of the New Testament, Pierpont has been driven from the pulpits of a *liberal* denomination; for attempting to introduce the pure precepts of Christianity into politics, Hillard is marked for ostracism; and for endeavoring to carry out the principles of the Whig party across the purposes of Lawrence and Appleton, Adams is abandoned and disavowed. If any one doubts our assertion, that the liberty of Boston is simply and only the liberty of being slaves, slaves too to the narrow and suborned ideas which have been condescendingly permitted to the North by the great Southern institution, let him run out the length of his own rope and confess his error. Those who make the loudest boasts are the most abject and pitiable of all. We may believe them sincere, because not for a single moment of their lives did a disposition to wander beyond the marked line of submission ever throb in their recreant limbs; not for a single moment were their dastard souls ever animated by a nobler purpose than to cringe and fawn, in the hope and expectation of a thrifty and profitable return. They have no more conception of the abject condition in which they are held than are the great mass of the citizens of the free States of the cunning and adroit arts by which *they* are made to stand up and defend an institution which all their humanity and all their common sense utterly condemn. We see people every day holding their heads more erect, and carrying themselves more proudly, for having just spurned the Abolitionist, or uttered some line of stereotyped nonsense about abolition. Such men demand more loudly than any others the pity of the race. Great hawsers, binding them to ignominious subjection, are about their necks, which they neither feel nor see. If there are objects of created infamy worthy a rank transcendent over all others, they are such men as these. The lowest and meanest imp in all the realms of Pluto, may well curse his hard fate when such spawn shall come under his charge.

The liberty of the Boston of '46 is apparent to those only who are willing to be slaves. It is the liberty of the Russian serf, who worships no God but his master, and knows no geography beyond the acres upon which he toils. He never feels his fetters only because he lacks the genuine impulses of freedom that would impel him to escape. How does the kept freedom of Boston exhibit itself? Up to December, 1845, the popular voice of Boston was loud and clear, and swelling to a still higher note in opposition to the Annexation of Texas, but the great barons spoke, and all was hushed. Ever since that hour Boston has been as motionless and dead thereunto, as the waveless waters of the Hebrew Lake. Even Webster's giant arm, which could turn aside or break in pieces all other assailants, lost its inflexibility in the presence of his bankers, and the poor, broken, and dishonored Constitution, which had given him a world-wide fame as its defender, was abandoned by him to the crocodile mercy of its destroyers. Winthrop, too, saw the calico wand as it passed before his eyes, and lo! his stern cry of opposition relapsed into a song of welcome. He would hug the blood-stained and slave-begotten child all the closer that it was unlineal and bastard. Of course the swarming minnows who revolve in the borrowed sunlight of wealth, deem it glory enough and liberty enough to be permitted to tune their feeble pipes in accordance with the key-note of their masters.

We humbly thank God that the fate of the tariff now hangs upon the vote of TEXAS. Boston has betrayed all her former promises; she has gloriously surrendered her rights and her liberties; she has permitted herself to be dragged into a loathsome union with Texas, and the consequences of that leprous embrace she is yet to experience. She has shaken her measure of submission, with whining caresses to the devil of Slavery, and that devil has come with his consuming breath and his burning hoofs. Let his majesty now *revel* in our manufacturing Eden as our patriotic citizens are bid to *revel* in the "Halls of the Montezumas." Let him plunder the forbidden fruits of the "Tariff," as we are invited to plunder the Diamond "Virgins" of the Mexican convents. The friends of their own and their country's freedom, are prepared to abide the issue. Let the curtain rise and let the dance begin. Lawrence could circulate twenty thousand speeches in favor of the tariff, but not one line in favor of liberty. Let the punishment come. Winthrop could embrace the festering body of Slavery for the sake of the tariff; let the tariff go,—the loathsome carcass of Slavery will remain.

Boston has repeatedly thrown open the doors of Faneuil Hall to enable Southern slave-masters to receive the admiring homage of her citizens; she has recently closed them to the friends of liberty. Let her prepare to expiate such baseness.

Boston has sown, let Boston reap; and the friends of justice and liberty, instructed by God's laws of retribution, will respond Amen.

Freeman's Trial.—The negro Freeman, of Auburn, who murdered the Van Nest family, is on trial at Auburn. He is defended by W. H. Seward, D. Wright, and C. Morgan. The prosecution is conducted by the Attorney General, and District Attorney.

The testimony, as far as we have it, shows Freeman to have been convicted of horse-stealing, wrongfully, as is said, when he was sixteen years old, for which he was sent for five years to the State Prison. He was slow and dull at his work in prison, and of violent temper, for which he was frequently and severely flogged. He came out of prison deaf, and departed, and failing to get work, became reckless. He applied to magistrates for warrants against those who sent him to prison, and insisted that he ought to be paid for the time he had been wrongfully imprisoned, &c. Being refused warrants, he made up his mind to kill somebody. He went with such view to several houses, before entering that of Mr. Van Nest, but finding them without light, he passed on, because, as he said, he could not "see to fight in the dark."—*Alb. Eve. Jour.*

A LETTER FROM HENRY C. WRIGHT, TO MINISTERS AND MEMBERS OF THE FREE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

FRIENDS,—It is known to you that every American slaveholder is a MAN-STEALER. No man can hold a slave in America and not hold him as a "CHATTEL PERSONAL to all intents, constructions, and purposes whatsoever." This you know, for you have been told it by witnesses whose veracity you do not doubt, *i. e.* by the slave laws, and by the decisions of civil and ecclesiastical courts. You know that no man can acquire a moral right to hold the "*persons*" of men as property. You know, too, "that God has classed "MAN-STEALERS" with MURDERERS OF FATHERS AND MURDERERS OF MOTHERS."

You have joined hands with MAN-STEALERS, and are under a *publicly* expressed pledge to receive them to your pulpits and communion as Christians and Christian ministers. You solicited money of them, as of Christians, to build your churches, and they gave the money with the understanding that you were to recognize them as Christians; for had they known that you rejected their claim to Christianity, on the ground of their holding and using men as their property, they never would have given you a farthing. This you knew when you received their money. You have BETRAYED CHRIST—SOLD YOUR SAVIOUR—BARTERED HIM WHO IS GOD OVER ALL, BLESSED FOR EVER—for £3,000—by consenting to make him the confederate of slave-breeders and slave-traders; and you are now attempting to convince the people of Scotland that these "sinners of the first rank" are engrafted into Christ as living, fruitful branches of the true vine!!

To justify yourselves in this confederacy with man-stealers, you say *you have entered into it for* THEIR *good*, and that you are induced to persevere in it for the purpose of showing them their guilt, and of bringing them to repentance. The plea is specious, but most impious and fallacious. This is not the way you treat other thieves. Do you admit horse-stealers to your communion and pulpits, as Christians and Christian ministers, in order to bring them to repentance? When you hear of a community of sheep-stealers calling themselves Christians, do you send your Cunninghams and Lewises to them as your deputations, and form an alliance with them, engaging to receive them as Christians, in order to reform them? You do not.

Why, then, did you send your Cunningham and Lewis 3,000 miles, to form an alliance with those whom you had formerly been accustomed to regard as man-stealers, and then, on their return with £3000, received as pay for your countenance, seek to justify yourselves, by saying—*you did it all* for their good? You engaged to admit them to your pulpits and communion "as honored, respectable, useful, evangelical churches and ministers of Christ,"[Rev. Dr. Cunningham's speech before the Presbytery of Edinburgh,] in order to persuade them to quit stealing men! You now wrap the bright robe of Christ's righteousnes around men whom, before you left the Established Church, you were accustomed to denounce as the worst of thieves! What has made those Carolina and Mobile man-stealers seem so lovely in your eyes, since you left the Establishment? How is it that since you called yourselves the "FREE Church of Scotland,—those very slave-drivers whom you denounced as the worst sinners, while you were in what you called your "ERASTIAN BONDAGE," have become your companions in the pulpit, and at the communion table of our Lord? You know their character is unchanged. They are still MAN-STEALERS—and continue to breed, buy, and hold slaves. You say it is all for their good!! So slaveholders steal men for their good, and then you embrace the man-stealers as Christians, for *their good?* Did Christ and the Apostles thus receive thieves, adulterers, drunkards, and extortioners, to the fellowship of saints, as the new-born children of adoption, in order to induce them to forsake their sins?"

Again—*You seek to justify your confederacy with man-stealers by charging Abolitionists with errors on other subjects.* What are your charges? Henry C. Wright and William Lloyd Garrison deny that the first day Sabbath, is of divine appointment; that the Old Testament is of any authority against the positive commands of the New; and that war is ever right. Because we hold these opinions, you insist on—what? *Not* that our charges against you are false; for you yourselves admit that American slaveholders are man-stealers; that you are pledged to receive them to your pulpits and communion, and that you shared their plunder, with the understanding on their part, that they were thus to be received by you; *but*, that you are *justified* in this alliance.

Whether my views of the Sabbath, of war, and the authority of Moses, when quoted to overthrow the authority of Christ, be right or wrong, I shall not stop to argue now. Nor do I ask you to recognize me as a *Christian*. Set me down as a Jew, a Mahometan, a Heathen, or Infidel, if you can find it in your hearts to do so. I ask, How does this prove that your league with slave-breeders is right?

Your argument is this—Henry C. Wright denies that the first day is any more holy than any other day, therefore it is right for us to form a Christian alliance with man-stealers! He is a *non-resistant*: therefore the Free Church will welcome slave-breeders to her pulpits and communion. H. C. Wright is not a Christian; therefore man-stealers *are* Christians, and it is right that the Free Church should welcome them, as such, to her loving embrace. H. C. Wright is not the man to instruct the Nixons, the Lewises, the M'Naughtans, the Chalmerses, Cunninghams, Candlishes; the *warders, witnesses watches*, and *guardians* of the Free Church in Christian morals; therefore we will go to man-stealers for instruction. "The Abolitionists are wholly destitute of judgment, sense, or sanity;" therefore the Free Church is justified in drawing closer the bonds of Christian fellowship with "renouncers of marriage-rights—with man-stealers—with adulterers—with men polluted with incest—stained with the blood of innocents—leprous with sin."—(Henry Grey.) Such is your plea. Will it stand in the court of Heaven?

Friends, I believe that Christ is "GOD MANIFEST IN THE FLESH." He is my only "Lawgiver, Judge, and King." Around that Being cluster all that is dearest to me on earth, and all my hopes for Eternity. Whatever you may think or say of me, you will admit that I have too much regard for the honor of my Redeemer, to associate His name with MAN-STEALERS. This you are laboring to do. In the name of God, I charge you to cease to promote this alliance. In the deliverances of your General Assembly—in the speeches of your Cunninghams, and Candlishes; your Lewises, your Nixons, your M'Naughtans, and your Roxburghs; in the letter of your Chalmers; in your *witnesses, warders, guardians*, and *watches*, you have sought to justify yourselves in associating the name of Christian and of Christ with man-stealers. Say what you can find it your duty to say of me, and of my coadjutors in the holy cause of abolition, only follow the example of your SECESSION and RELIEF brethren, and adopt the principle—that *no slaveholder shall be admitted to your pulpits and communion*—and I will bless you in the name of my God and of His three millions of enslaved children.

AGAIN—You seek to justify your copartnership with man-stealers, by asserting that *others before you have shared in the spoils.* You refer to the Rose Street Secession Church—to the Argyll Square Chapel—to the Congregationalists—to the Baptists and Methodists—to cotton and sugar merchants—to missionary societies—and to all who use the products of slave labor. These you say, received money of slaveholders, to carry out their plans.

Admitting the facts to be as you assert. Because others have done wrong, does that justify you in doing wrong? But your case and theirs are not parallel, yourselves being witnesses. In no one instance cited by you, do you pretend to assert that the parties agreed to receive the slave-traders to their pulpits and communion as Christians. For fifteen months have I sought, in connection with the Glasgow Emancipation Society, and others, to show the Free Church her sin. I have preferred against her one single charge, and *only* one, which is, SHE HAS FORMED A CONFEDERACY WITH MAN-STEALERS; engaging to receive them to her communion and pulpits as "honored, evangelical Christians, serving God in the Gospel of his Son. (See speeches of Cunningham, Candlish, Lewis, Nixon, &c.; deliverances of Assembly and Commission; the letters of Dr. Chalmers, and the *Witness*, and *Warder*, and *Border Watch*, Free Church papers.) This charge you have never denied, but have uniformly tried to justify yourselves in forming this alliance, and have labored to convince the people of this kingdom that American man-stealers are Christians 'and ought to be received as such.

Here is the difference between the Free Church and the instances you quote as parallel:—You went to those slave-traders as to Christians; the others did not. You solicited money of them as of Christians; the Rose-Street Church, the Argyle-Square Chapel, the missionary societies, &c. did not. You engaged to receive them to your pulpits and communion as Christians, and your delegates entered their pulpits and sat at their communion in Christian fellowship; the cotton merchants did not: they gave their money to you with the understanding that you were to recognize them as Christians, for they never would have given it had you refused; they sold their goods to merchants with no such understanding. Thus your case differs from all the instances you quote to cover your sins. The PRICE, the DREADFUL PRICE, which you paid for the money! You consented to league the Son of God, in loving fellowship with man-stealers! You sold your Saviour for £3000!! You betrayed the world's Redeemer into the hands of slave-breeders and slave-traders for money!! You consented to place him in the company of *man*-stealers, AS ONE OF THEM—and you are now trying to get all Scotland to help you to keep Him there! You insist that those who breed and rear men for the market as brute beasts, are one with Christ, a part of His body, have His mind, are partakers of His nature, and that Christ is one with them!!! Such is the dreadful price paid by you for the money obtained of slaveholders, for they never would have given it had you not paid that price. Thus to associate Christ with man-stealers, is to betray Him into the hands of His deadliest enemies. This price was never paid by merchants for their money or their goods.

Besides, the Congregationalists, the Baptists, the Methodists, the Secession and Relief Churches, the Voluntaries and Dissenters, years ago, have been rebuked for whatever countenance they gave, or *seemed* to give, to slaveholders; and that, too, by *yourselves*, while you were in the Establishment. What has been the result? All these denominations have adopted the principle of no fellowship in the pulpit, nor at the communion, with slaveholders. The proof of this you will find in the recent decisions of the Relief and Secession Synods; in the condemnation of their delegates to America by the Baptists and Congregationalists years ago; in the refusal of the Methodist Conference, last year, to admit a slaveholder to sit as a member; and in the Report of the London Anti-Slavery Committee, giving the proceedings of the World's Anti-Slavery Convention in 1843. All that is now asked of you is, that you would go and do likewise.

How is it that you now so strenuously sustain your own delegates to America in doing the very thing which you formerly condemned the delegates of the Congregationalists and Baptists for doing? Then you were in what you now call "Erastian bondage"—"Egyptian darkness." Now you call yourselves the *free* Church, the *pure* Church, the *immaculate* Church of Scotland. Yet, now you traverse the ocean to throw yourselves into the loving embrace of man-stealers, the very thing which you severely condemned the *Voluntaries* for doing, while you were in the State Church. You once could lavish upon GEORGE THOMPSON your highest applause for his noble zeal and fidelity in rebuking a Cox and Hoby, a Reid and Mathieson, for truckling to the slaveholders of America; and now you denounce him as an Infidel, a deceiver, and full of all subtilety, because he rebukes your Cunningham, Candlish, and Chalmers, for a far meaner and more abject subserviency to the same man-stealing horde.

Cease your obstinate perseverance in this covenant with man-stealers.

unclean thing, and I will be your God, and ye shall be my people."

In conclusion, let me call your attention to the only question at issue between us: YOU ARE IN LEAGUE WITH MAN-STEALERS, and are pledged to receive them to your pulpits and communion as Christians. You have thus betrayed Christ into the hands of his deadly enemies. This is my *only* accusation against you. I entreat you to annul this covenant with death. You say you cannot while the slaveholders' money is in your coffers. I say to you, then, in the name of God and humanity,

SEND BACK THE MONEY!

Your sincere friend and well-wisher,
HENRY C. WRIGHT.

EDINBURGH, May 20, 1846.

JOHN RANDOLPH'S SLAVES.

The three hundred and ninety-one manumitted slaves of the late John Randolph, passed through this place on the 22 ult. on their way to their new home in the West, to a large tract of land purchased for their benefit, in Mercer county, Ohio. This army was headed by a patriarch, of one hundred and ten years. He rode on a horse—beside the young and healthy, leading them to the land of their adoption.

We see from a Cincinnati paper that there will be some difficulty to be encountered in Ohio, in settling these blacks. The authorities of the State intend enforcing the law which provides that all negroes coming into that State shall give security for their good behaviour.—*Lewisburg (Va.) Chronicle.*

The Cincinnati correspondent of the Tribune writes as follows:

But a sight more grateful to my eyes, and which I must acknowledge moistened them with tears, was the entrance and passage through the city of John Randolph's emancipated slaves, numbering nearly four hundred.—They landed here from Virginia a few days since, and passed very quietly through the city in regular order to the canal boats on the Miami canal—their rear was brought up by he who was his master's body servant for upward of thirty years—he followed, leaning on a staff. I pursued the course of this motley collection of men, [illegible] to their place of embarkation, and with mingled feelings, where joy and pity both had a place. I felt a glad burst of joy that the yoke which had held in bondage four hundred of God's creation to the service and caprice of a fellow-man, was removed, and my pity was shed for their future fate, for I felt that, viewed as they are by the mass as the despised of the race, how little sympathy and commiseration would be felt for their success and well being; for I heard murmurs of complaint around me issuing from many lips that the State should not suffer colonies of free blacks to settle within her borders, and it was intimated that the slaves would be likely to undergo trouble—that on the thousand acres of land in Mercer county, which has been appropriated for their future homes, squatters have possession of a part of it, who will be likely to contest ownership with the blacks, and when I reflected on the proneness of the white-skinned man to tyrannize over and take advantage of the black, I felt that these infant colonies of uneducated beings want the aid and co-operation of philanthropists. As I surveyed intently this large body of negroes, I noticed a marked difference between their appearance and that of the free blacks in our State. There was a downcast look among the emancipated, and a dejected appearance, as if they felt they had been trodden on, and it may have been my fancy, but I thought I saw depicted on the countenances of the more mature, a radiance of sunshine, as if they felt they were now embracing a freer and a purer atmosphere. What must have been their feelings of suspense and anxiety during the past fifteen years that the will has been contested, who can tell? Yes, the grasping avarice of man would gladly have subverted the noble purpose of their owner, would have riveted the fetters which bound them; but thanks to the supremacy of the law, the captive is free. They were all clad in plain homespun. Their appearance in this city created a great feeling of interest and curiosity, and brought to remembrance the life and days of their recentric owner.

Still later accounts state that the people of Mercer county, whither those poor creatures went, held a public meeting, and resolved that they must leave within twenty-four hours. They went back several miles and encamped, till some responsible persons entered into bonds for them, and it is now expected that they will be permitted to take possession of their new homes.

We find in the *Liberator* of last week the following letter from C. M. Clay, referred to by our correspondent, spattered upon: [illegible] was de-

CAMP OWSLEY, NEAR LOUISVILLE, KY.
June 30, 1846.

My Dear Mrs. Chapman:—Mrs. Clay informed me a few days ago, that you had written me a letter, received since my absence from home, inviting me to attend a convention of the Anti-Slavery Society, &c.; and some friend has just sent me a number of the Liberator, using severe language against me.

Having regarded you, and those associated with you, as the true friends of liberty among men, it gave me much pain to find you alienated suddenly from me, when I had just began to feel that I had found new and true friends to fill the place of the mercenaries who had lately betrayed me.

This pain is lessened, however, by the reflection that I am innocent of true offence, and that a returning acknowledgment of injustice is certain in the future.

We have solemnly agreed, in this republic, to be bound by the constitutional will of the majority.

Up to the time that Congress assumed the war, I denounced it. When she—my country—calls for help, I respond to the call at the hazard of all that is dear and valuable in life.

It is the duty of a father of a family, not only to warn his children against evil, but to rescue them at all hazard from the consequences of their errors or crimes.

Such, also, is the duty of the citizen. Country is lost, national existence gone, upon any other system of action!

If I were drafted, and refused action, it would be *treason*: to volunteer, is but to fulfil the same moral duty, which the law, by compulsion, would otherwise enforce!

If the Mexicans were to threaten the sacking of Boston, and all its terrible accompaniments, and I were to repulse them, I presume you or Mr. Garrison would hardly deem me a traitor, because the war had been iniquitously brought on in the cause of Slavery. I fight not for Slavery, but for my country. Let the blood shed in this war rest upon those who forced us into this cruel position. Yes, by Heavens, and it shall!

I hold my command of a company by the unanimous vote of the soldiers, in the teeth of the most cruel and unusual denunciation of the slave-party. Every possible means were used to defeat me. Anonymous handbills, slander, and money, were tried in vain. Because they said, "if Clay succeed in getting command, he will win fame, and on his return, the overthrow of Slavery is sure." Remonstrances were made to Governor Owsley on this ground, against my getting a field appointment, and letters have been written to the President and military commanders, warning them against giving me a chance of elevation. I ask nothing, I expect nothing, from the slave-party. I make now, as heretofore, eternal war upon them. I ask of Congress to make a speedy and honorable peace, *just* to us, and *to Mexico.*

Who, then, dare denounce me? I defy the world in this respect, and challenge the arbitrament of all coming time!

Again, I thus prove that I am not an enemy of the *whites*, as they of the 18th of August would have it, but of Slavery.

The confidence of the lower class of the people is essential to my success. The lie is proven upon the men of the 18th. They now feel it, and the people see it. I thought that you would have cause to rejoice that there were yet signs of vitality in one who had dared to beard he lion in his den!

Mr. Garrison may confine himself to his narrow circle of action. I do not blame him. I ask, however, that he will not presume to think for me. I am of as stern stuff as he. I ask no favor of mortal man. The man does not live who can rule C. M. C. Begging your pardon, *women* may.

Suppose Mr. G. should say that dissolution and rebellion were the true remedy now, how am I to act? Is my State ready for it? Am I to reap the fruits of his success? "Fun for you, but death to me."

I go now from a loved home and dear family, risking all things, because I may thus, if Providence spare me, strengthen myself for the unequal contest in which fate has placed me. I ask not for military power, for its own sake, for I contemn the vulgar fame of the soldier. I fight for the vantage-ground, that I may win a final triumph for that cause which you and I have consecrated in our inmost hearts with the tears and the blood of the soul!—Justice and Liberty.

If I fall in this contest, you are a woman. For you and yours, I fall. Shall I not be remembered? Shall not my name be vindicated? I trust you!

Yours, ever,
C. M. CLAY.

P. S. You may show this to Mr. Garrison. We start for the South in three days.

The blight of Slavery in South Carolina.—One of Gerrit Smith's correspondents in Tennessee, under date of March 24, writes:—

"The marks of decline are apparent. The decreasing population in South Carolina, and probable decrease in the slave population, are matters of importance. The tone of the South Carolinians is less haughty, while some say they must have a change of policy or they are ruined. This is apparent to those who have been attentive observers of that State for a considerable time; land is selling for less, where it will sell at all, than it was thirty years since. A great number of plantations are so worn out, that they will not sell for anything, and are abandoned. The proportion of worn-out land is increasing every year; and with it a decline of their staple production, cotton, both in price and quantity. Their dependence on the West for provisions is annually increasing, with decreasing means of payment. Very large quantities of pork are stored up there by Western drovers, but such is the poverty of the country, that they are unable to pay in cash, while the dealers refuse to credit, but are under the necessity of offering at a low price for cash. Over fifteen thousand emigrants have passed this county from the North and South Carolinas since last harvest. It is said that the emigration will continue through the Spring."

Communications.

Windham County Anti-Slavery Meeting.

The "Glorious Fourth" has come and gone; but by the friends of the slave in Windham county, will not be soon forgotten.

Our meeting at Canterbury was large and enthusiastic. The life and spirit of the abolition of the county were there, to bear the standard of our cause boldly and high. The day was delightful, and at an early hour the place of meeting was thronged to overflowing, by the faithful and devoted friends of freedom, many of whom came from remote parts of the county, to join in our discussions, and lend us the aid of hearty sympathy. A more earnest and hopeful gathering is not often seen. Abundant food for thought and speech was found in the recent events of our nation's history. The injustice and cruelty of the infamous war we are now waging, with a robber purpose, against Mexico, did not fail to receive that condemnation Odeeply deserved Dropping a tear on the grave of the lamented and murdered Torrey, we drew more [illegible] warfare and vowed eternal hatred to oppression, and ceaseless vigilance for its utter annihilation.

Among the speakers who addressed the meeting, were, C. C. Burleigh, of Pennsylvania, Henry R. Crummel, of Massachusetts, George S. White, of Canterbury, Mr. Snow, of Brooklyn, Baker, of Canterbury, and Warren Clarke, of Willimantic. The morning was mainly devoted to the question of the war with Mexico.

On this subject, thrilling and effective speeches were made, by C. C. Burleigh, and G. S. White.

In the afternoon, Mr. Warren Clarke addressed the meeting on the importance of perseverance, and the encouragements to earnest effort in our great enterprise. His effort was happy, and well received. Crummel gave us an address against color as exhibited in the Jim-Crow pew, the Jim-Crow car, and the Jim-Crow communion table. It would have been well could his words have been listened to by every self-complacent negro-hater in the land.

During the afternoon the following resolutions were offered and ably sustained, by C. C. Burleigh, and then *unanimously* adopted:

Resolved, That to celebrate the Fourth of July with tokens of general joy, with peal of bells, and roar of cannon, and shouts of exultation, with boastful speeches in praise of American freedom and patriotism, while the nation continues to give the lie, in practice, to its Declaration of Independence, is but to hold higher our shame to the world's scornful gaze, and loudly to invite the world's burning contempt for our national falsehood and hypocrisy.

Resolved, That the praises we lavish on our fathers, for having fought for liberty, are the most withering rebukes and terrible condemnation of the nation's present robber war of aggression and invasion against Mexico, to extend and perpetuate Slavery.

Resolved, That the fitting way of celebrating this day, is with signs of sorrow for our nation's sin and deep disgrace; with self-devotion to the noble enterprise which aims at the deliverance of our oppressed brethren from a bondage, "one hour of which is more intolerable than ages of that against which our fathers rebelled;" and with earnest efforts so to regenerate the nation's public sentiment, that it shall no longer tolerate the enslavement of a single human being.

[illegible] died a lingering death in the Maryland Penitentiary, a martyr to his humanity and love of impartial freedom, is a legitimate result of the slavery and the pro-slavery morality and religion of this country; and for it, not Maryland alone, nor the South alone, is answerable, but all, in every part of the land, who consent, by deed or word, or silent acquiescence, to the continuance of Slavery; and especially the Church and clergy which have usurped the Christian name, to sanctify their apologies for, and fellowship with, the system which oppresses Christ's poor brethren, and traffics in the members Christ's body.

These resolutions present a better picture than I can now draw of the character of the meeting.

The day will not be forgotten, nor its impressions lost, by those who were so fortunate as to be present. If a similar meeting could be held in every town in New England, it would not be long before our treacherous rulers would be brought to a settlement for their wicked and thieving war of invasion, waged for the perpetuity of chattelism, and its indefinite extension to the far Southwest.

LUCIAN BURLEIGH, Secretary.

Letter from the South.

JULY 4th, 1846.

DEAR SIR:—In my last, I promised to give you a short account of a "slave-catching," in my forest abode. At the lower end of the *Chapparal*, and immediately on leaving it, there stands a log cabin, one story high, and consisting of two rooms, one used as a kitchen, bed-room, dining-room, &c.; while the other is denominated "t'other room," in which is a "spare bed," half-a-dozen chairs, rag carpet, that covers all but about three feet around the edge of the room, and a broken bureau, on the top of which may be seen a decanter with a broken neck, (with but little liquor in it as a general thing,) and beside of which stands a glass, which looks as if water and it were entire strangers. To light all this, is a window sash hung on hinges, containing three lights of glass seven by nine. A round-top, wide-brimmed wool hat fills the same in summer, and straw in winter. The occupant of this house is named Ball, has no visible means of existence, yet evidently does exist. He is looked upon with a very jealous eye by the planters in that vicinity, they not being able to conjecture in what manner he obtains a living; the secret of which I shall now divulge, as I learned it from parties concerned. Saturday and Sunday nights, he makes it his business to watch for slaves going to see their wives, and sweethearts, on other plantations. As it is well known they never go empty handed, he generally succeeds in plundering them of a bag of meal, a ham, quarter of lamb, a couple of chickens, or some such thing; they having stole it dare not tell a white man of it, and besides, should a score of them swear to it, it would amount to nothing, so he does not scruple to rob free men, provided their *skin is dark*, and no whites but accomplices are by. In the day time he has a watch, either one of the women or a crony, on the look out for runaways; this is the more easily done, as the "nigger paths" through the dense *Chapparal* are very few. One of this interesting party espied a "nigger," with a bundle under his arm, not long since, cautiously wending his way among the thorns, briars, &c. which he soon made known to the rest of the party; and as the "*bundle*" indicated plunder, they immediately started in pursuit and soon come up with and captured him. It being evident to their keen perceptions that he was a runaway, they bound him, and started in triumph for the "log cabin," indulging in many airy speculations of rewards, "old rye whisky," and milk punch, &c. On arriving home, they clapped our hero in "t'other room," with his arms tied behind at the elbows, and left him to ruminate on the folly of having left a kind (?) master, to fall into such hands, and the probability of going back to his master, and the certainty, in such a case, of having not less than five hundred, well laid on with green hickorys. While these things were revolving in his mind, a very different scene was being enacted in the other room. The victors had unanimously declared in favor of milk punch, which, by this time, they had discussed so freely, as to give the occupant of "t'other room," a notion of his superiority on foot as well as in clearness of intellect. He accordingly put his hands together, behind him, and let the band slip down, and noiselessly slipped out of the window, (which, in their hurry to get at the punch, they had neglected to make fast,) and made his escape to the friendly *Chapparal*. In the meantime, these modern Philistines agreed to bring him forth, and make sport of him, if he would not make sport for them; but judge of their surprise, on opening the door, to find the bird flown. Down went glasses, over went chairs, and a general search was commenced about the premises, but it was no use, and so they quickly decided to start in pursuit, the two drunkenest in a wagon, to a bridge across the "Anacostia," to intercept him there, and the third, on horseback, was to scour the country around. It was soon after meeting the two in the wagon, with a gun between them, and driving as though horses were cheap, that, in a sudden turn of the road, I came on to an old negro teamster, belonging to Mr. S. of M. and the identical runaway in close confab, or rather the teamster was talking as fast as he could, and the fugitive was *eating* as fast as he could—the wagoner's master being a Tavern keeper, and he having a load of cakes, crackers, rum, brandy, &c. On seeing me, one jumped into the bushes, and the other started on. I called to the wagoner to stop, which he did. I then told him that I knew the man in the bushes was a runaway, and that the Balls were after him, and if he would come out, I would show him an old road to the river, and give him instructions so as to enable him to elude his pursuers. As the old man had *heard* of me, he halloed, and out come the fugitive, from whom I learned the most of the above particulars, the balance I learned of Ball himself, on getting out of the *Chapparal*.

I gave him information, which if he followed, took him to Queen Vic's dominions. It seemed almost incredible to them both, that a white man should aid a slave to escape. The thrill of joy that ran through my frame as I took the fugitive by the hand, and bid him God speed, and heard his fervent "God bless you, master," was worth more to me as Mike Walsh would say, than the whole concentrated [illegible] of a slaveholder's life.

When you hear from me again, it will be "down in the country," as I contemplate making a few observations among the farmers and planters.

Yours, for the slave,
RAMBLER.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 23, 1846.

The Standard.

Our new subscribers perhaps do not understand that we have a number of contributors to the editorial columns of the Standard. Our list is not yet full, nor our plans entirely matured; so soon, however, as these arrangements are completed, we shall be enabled to acquaint our readers with precisely what they may expect for the future. In the meantime they will rest assured that some one or more of the contributors, who have been already named, are writing for every number of the paper.

Religious Instruction of Slaves.

"One of the most encouraging signs of the times, in connection with the colored population of the South," says a recent number of the *New-York Observer*, "is the rising movement on the part of the Church to give the negroes the advantages of religious instruction." There is, it seems, an association in Liberty county, (Ga.) which makes this their object. The *Observer* gives some extracts from their last report with very evident satisfaction. The fact that this instruction, which is called religious, is certainly evangelical, is sufficient with the class to which that paper belongs. All is grist that comes to their mill; if the bag has the right mark, it matters very little whether its contents are chaff or wheat. In this Liberty county there is a population of eight hundred and fifty-four whites, fifty-four free negroes, and five thousand four hundred and ninety-three slaves.—That is, to every free white man, there are about six slaves. [illegible] which way we will. There is certainly very great need that religious instruction should be disseminated among the people, and whether it first reach master or slave, matters but little; that is if it be of the kind which Christianity teaches, as, in that case, it must speedily change the five thousand four hundred and ninety-three slaves to freemen. Such religious instruction among the "*colored population* of the South," alone, as the *Observer* so delicately calls the slaves, could not but be a most encouraging sign. If the masters were its subjects, we should look with confidence for a speedy result of their new-born faith; and if the slaves, then we should equally expect that they would not long submit to remain the victims of the sin of the heathen men by whom they are surrounded, or rather whom they surround. The sublime religious truths which Christianity teaches are no less incompatible with mental than with moral darkness. A true Christian must be an intelligent man. Three million Christian men could no more be held as slaves, than a Christian people could hold three million slaves.

But that the masters really stand in need of any religious instruction does not seem to have occurred to the *Observer*. They it is who form the association, and being already evangelical, how can they need instruction? Do they not already believe in every one of the articles of the true faith? Can you gild refined gold, or paint the lily? Can you make whiter the spotless garments of the very elect? It is not the eight hundred, but the five thousand who need to be taught the doctrines of the Westminster Catechism. They must learn that not the curse of Canaan rests alone upon their darkened bodies, but the sin of Adam also upon their benighted souls.—They must awaken from their happy dream of ignorance, and learn, poor creatures, that they do not as they fondly hoped, shuffle off their coil of mortal woes and pains, when they lie down to die, but enter upon another state of existence not differing essentially, at least in its burdens, from that to which they have been doomed; unless, indeed, they follow in the footsteps of their masters—not in their lives, Heaven forbid!—but in their belief. Nevertheless, though we do not profess to be half as knowing in these matters as the *Observer*, we confess in all humility that to our unenlightened vision, the "sign" would be a far more encouraging one if the masters commenced their religious labors with themselves. The teachings of our natural heart are, that those eight hundred are living by fraud and violence, reduced to a system by law, made respectable by public opinion, and held as not unchristian by the Church. This they need to learn, and then might we hope for some practical demonstration of their faith in the great truth that all men before God are brothers, and that no one man has the right to condemn six others all their lives long, to toil and ignorance, that he may revel in luxury, and bask in the light of art and science. We may be mistaken, for we have not had a thoroughly evangelical education, but it does seem to us that Westminster catechisms, and Confessions of Faith, might be safely left to come after some practical teaching of this sort, and that whatever virtue there may be in them will be taught to much better purpose when the pupil remembers that the same hand which holds up before his eyes the Bible and Prayer-Book on Sundays, does not lay the lash of the cartwhip on his back on the other six days of the week.—But probably the "Observer" will call this infidelity.

It is worthy of remark, in passing, that this county, where the slaves are to the masters in the ratio of six to one, is called *Liberty*. It is strictly in accordance with the fashion of our day and generation to have the least freedom when there is the most show of it; and, as in this case, where the name was given long ago, it would seem almost that there were some inevitable law by which our national hypocrisy was to be made most strikingly manifest by glaring contrasts, and that the memory of a vigorous infancy shall be kept always fresh in a manhood degenerate in its debauchery, and powerful only in crime.

No doubt, however, that where the proportion of slaves to masters is so great as in Liberty county, (Ga.) there is a special need of what the South, and its Northern friends call religious instruction. Piety—such as they get—in the slave, is so much added to his money-value in the market. It is like kindness in a horse. He may be warranted as good for family use, and kind in any harness. Fix firmly in his mind first a faith in the Bible, and then convince him that it is God's will, as revealed through his word, that he should be a slave, and the strongest sentiment in the human heart is enlisted to keep him quiet in his bonds, and contented with his condition. Those who have the care of souls at the South, know this right well, and act upon their knowledge. That Rt. Rev. Father in God, Wm. Meade, Bishop of the Diocess of Virginia, has published a book of sermons, tracts, and dialogues, for masters and slaves, which he recommends to all masters and mistresses, to be used in their families. Many instructive extracts are given from it in a little work, entitled, "The Slaveholder's Religion," by Saml. Brooke. We give one or two passages from the section—"Here masters may begin to read to their servants":

"Having thus shown you the chief duties you owe to your great Master in heaven, I now come to lay before you the duties you owe to your masters and mistresses here upon earth. And for this you have one general rule that you ought always carry in your minds, and that is, *to do all service for them as if you did it for God himself.* Poor creatures! you little consider, when you are idle and neglectful of your masters' business, when you steal, and waste, and hurt any of their substance, when you are saucy and impudent, when you are telling them lies and deceiving them; or when you prove stubborn and sullen, and will not do the work you are set about without stripes and vexation; you do not consider, I say, that what faults you are guilty of towards your masters and mistresses, are faults done against God himself, who hath set your masters and mistresses over you in his own stead, and expects that you will do for them just as you would do for Him. And pray do not think that I want to deceive you, when I tell you that your *masters and mistresses are God's overseers:* and that if you are faulty towards them, God himself will punish you severely for it in the next world, unless you *repent* of it, and strive to make amends by your faithfulness and diligence for the time to come, for God knows it, and [illegible]

"Now from this general rule, namely, that you are to do all service for your masters and mistresses as if you did it for God himself, there arise several other rules of duty towards your masters and mistresses, which I shall endeavor to lay out in order before you.

"And in the first place, you are to be obedient and subject to your masters in all things. * * And Christian ministers are commanded to 'exhort servants to be obedient unto their own masters, and to please them well in all things, not answering them again, or gainsaying.' You see how strictly God requires this of you, that whatever your masters and mistresses order you to do, you must set about it immediately, and faithfully perform it, without any disputing or grumbling, and take care to please them well in all things. And for your encouragement he tells you that he will reward you for it in heaven: because while you are honestly and faithfully doing your masters' business here, you are serving your Lord and Master in heaven. You see, also, that you are not to take any exceptions to the behaviour of your masters and mistresses, and that you are to be subject and obedient, not only to such as are good, and gentle, and mild towards you, but also to such as may be froward, peevish, and hard. For you are not at liberty to choose your own masters, but into whatever hands God hath been pleased to put you, you must do your duty, and God will reward you for it."

* * * * * * *

3. "You are to be faithful and honest to your masters and mistresses, not purloining, or wasting their goods or substance, but showing all good fidelity in all things. * * Do not your masters, under God, provide for you? And how shall they be able to do this, to feed, and to clothe you, unless you take honest care of everything that belongs to them? Remember that God requires this of you, and if you are not afraid of suffering for it here, you cannot escape the vengeance of Almighty God, who will judge between you and your masters, and make you pay severely in the next world, for all the injustice you do them here. And though you could manage so cunningly as to escape the eyes and hands of man, yet think what a dreadful thing it is to fall into the hands of the living God, who is able to cast both soul and body into hell!

4. "You are to serve your masters with cheerfulness, reverence, and humility. You are to do your masters' service with good will, doing it as the will of God from the heart, without any sauciness or answering again. How many of you do things quite otherwise, and instead of going about your work with a good will, and a good heart, dispute and grumble, give saucy answers, and behave in a surly manner! There is something so becoming and engaging in a modest, cheerful, good-natured behaviour, that a little work done in that manner seems better done, and gives far more satisfaction, than a good deal more that must be done with fretting, vexation, and the lash always held over you. It also gains the good will and love of those you belong to, and makes your own life pass with more ease and pleasure. Besides, you are to consider that this grumbling and ill-will does not affect your masters and mistresses only. They have ways and means in their hands of forcing you to do your work, whether you are willing or not. But your murmuring and grumbling is against God, who hath placed you in that service, who will punish you severely in the next world for despising his commands."

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"Now when *correction* is given you, you either deserve it, or you do not deserve it. But whether you really deserve it or not, it is your duty, and Almighty God requires that you bear it patiently. You may, perhaps, think that this is hard doctrine, but if you consider it right, you must needs think otherwise of it. Suppose, then, that you deserve correction, you cannot but say that it is just and right you should meet with it. Suppose you do not, or at least you do not deserve so much, or so severe a correction for the fault you have committed, you perhaps have escaped a great many more, and are at last paid for all. Or suppose you are quite innocent of what is laid to your charge, and suffer wrongfully in that particular thing, is it not possible you may have done some other bad thing which was never discovered, and that Almighty God, who saw you doing it, would not let you escape without punishment, one time or another? And ought you not, in such a case, to give glory to Him, and be thankful that he would rather punish you in this life for your wickedness, than destroy your souls for it in the next life? But suppose that even this was not the case, (a case hardly to be imagined,) and that you have by no means, known or unknown, deserved the correction you have suffered, there is this great comfort in it, that if you bear it patiently, and leave your cause in the hands of God, he will reward you for it in Heaven, and the punishment you suffer unjustly here, shall turn to your exceeding great glory hereafter."

These are but samples of the whole. They need no comment. We think we may safely leave them, without argument or illustration, to the consideration of every candid reader, with the certainty that they will come to no other conclusion than that such instruction is rather diabolical than religious; and that he who deems it an "encouraging sign" that the Church is "moving" in its dissemination, rejoices that Christianity is becoming a farce and a mockery, and that the tremendous power which the authority of real or assumed religious teaching exercises over the human soul, is made the instrument whereby that soul is obscured with hideous and hopeless darkness, a curse alike to him who teaches, and to h who is taught.

"The instruction is oral," continues the *Observer*. "Jones' Catechism is chiefly used, and every encouraging progress is made in the knowledge of the history and doctrines of the Bible." Oral, of course, all the instruction must be, for the law would not respect even Bishop Meade, should he attempt to teach a slave to read the Bible. He must take the slaveholder's version. Jones' Catechism is of the same character with the Bishop's book, and aims at the same end—to sanctify the cart-whip and thumb-screw, and to teach the slave to recognize the overseer as the vicegerent of God. We give a single extract from the section prepared for the oral instruction of servants in "the duties of servants":

"Q. Is it right for the servant to run away, or is it right to harbor a runaway?

"A. No.

"Q. What did the apostle Paul to Onesimus, who was a runaway? Did he harbor him, or send him back to his master?

"A. He sent him back to his master with a letter."

That Philemon was told to receive Onesimus as a "brother beloved," and that the runaway slave became afterward a beloved and a venerated Bishop, of course the catechism does not state. Its teachings are according to Mr. Jones, rather than Paul.

This Mr. Jones is himself a missionary among the slaves, but his labors do not always receive that gratitude which the *Observer* would think they deserve. In his Report of last year he tells the following anecdote: "I was preaching," he says, "to a large congregation, on the Epistle to Philemon; and when I insisted upon fidelity and obedience as Christian virtues in servants, and, upon the authority of Paul, condemned the practice of *running away*, one-half of my audience deliberately rose up, and walked off with themselves, and those that remained looked as though they were satisfied, either with the preacher or his doctrine. After dismission there was no small stir among them: some solemnly declared, 'that there was no such an epistle in the Bible;' others, 'that it was not the Gospel;' others, 'that I preached to please the masters;' others, 'that they did not care if they ever heard me preach again.'"

We hardly know which to admire most, in this little story, the simplicity of the Rev. Mr. Jones, who thus deliberately records this cutting rebuke of his own contemptible and wicked conduct, or the wisdom of his humble congregation, who so boldly and effectually unmasked his hypocrisy. Such signs as these we hold to be indeed encouraging. We pray that they may be multiplied. We pray that soon everywhere and always, the slave, in the simple dignity of his unpolished but noble manhood, in the strength of his untutored but discriminating intellect, may scout and laugh at the false Church that would attempt to fetter his free spirit in chains more galling than those she binds upon his limbs. And when that day comes, as come it must, these reverend hypocrites, whether North or South, will skulk and tremble before the terrible might of that redeemed humanity, which scorns alike their canting piety, and their puny efforts to enslave the bodies or the souls of Christian men.

The Old Man and his Ass.

The fable must have been written with a prophetic knowledge of an editor's life. None are so certain as they to learn that it is useless to try to please everybody. We have, however, been more than usually fortunate in exciting but little feeling against us for the plan with which we commenced the present volume. Several of our exchanges have given us a favorable notice, and from many individuals we have received encouragement and praise, both for our plan, and—we shall be pardoned for mentioning it—our paper. In two instances only has it been otherwise. One writer accuses the Executive Committee of having done a very unfair thing in putting our price so low, and in a very contemptuous and censorious spirit, says, that "it seems we propose vending our wares very cheap." An injury to smaller and local papers is feared by the writer, who forgets that a *good* local paper never can be injured by one from a distance, which must necessarily come to subscribers later by days, or perhaps weeks, and always without the latest local intelligence. Another person, who is entirely unknown to us, but to whom some kind friend had sent one of the Committee's Circulars, is a very Diogenes in his virtuous vituperation of the grasping and avaricious disposition of "Eastern printers and publishers." He thinks he sees through "the *thin* covering that hides our hypocrisy." He is certain that we want "*money.*" We hope he will take back the charge of hypocrisy, when we answer him that we do not mean to disguise it, that our motive is just what he says it is. We *do* want money. That is the very reason why we have put the paper at so low price. We wish that we may have a subscription list of TEN THOUSAND at the end of the year. But then we want it to pay the expense of publishing a paper that we may send it to just such men as he. He thinks us "too fond of monopoly." On the contrary, we have a painful consciousness now of monopolizing so much Anti-Slavery truth, that we are seeking, by our present plan, for the means of disseminating it among the people. We shall send this good man a paper for nothing, and we hereby promise to pay him the price of it beside, at the end of the year, if he does not think it a good one, and if he is not satisfied by our next Annual Report that we have spent upon it a good deal more money than the subscribers have paid for it.

Mr. Giddings on Disunion.

Some of the constituents of this gentleman have recently addressed him a letter, asking him if he is in favor of a dissolution of the Union. In reply, Mr. Giddings says that the Union of 1787 is already dissolved; that the President and Congress have formed a new union with Texas, and that the old one has been subverted. He closes his letter by saying:

"Without further remark, I repeat, that Ohio is now a party to no subsisting Union; to our people, therefore, belongs the prerogative of dictating the future policy of our State. They may, if they choose, demand of our legislature the passage of a law enabling them to express their views in regard to the propriety of entering into a union with Texas; or as we are now dissolved from all connection with the slave States, we may remain free from all further political alliance with them. We may form a union with such of the other free States as shall prefer a *union with freemen*, and discard all further political association with the institution of Slavery."

We understand that Mr. Giddings, in a recent speech in Congress, avowed the same sentiments as expressed in this letter. We shall give it as soon as published.

We commend the following to those clergymen who preach just now on the duty of supporting Government; as shewing the difference Coleridge made between violations of iniquitous laws and violations of morals, like the plundering of wrecks, &c. He too would not preach abstractions, but *confine* himself to the sin of his time and place, as for instance, *here* and now, Slavery:

INIQUITOUS LEGISLATION.—That legislation is iniquitous which sets law in conflict with the common and unsophisticated feelings of our nature. If I were a clergyman in a smuggling town, I would not preach against smuggling. I would not be made a sort of clerical revenue officer. Let the Government, which by absurd duties fosters smuggling, prevent it itself, if it can. How could I show my hearers the immorality of going twenty miles in a boat, and honestly buying with their money a keg of brandy, except by a long deduction which they could not understand? But were I in a place where wrecking went on, see if I would preach on anything else!—*S. T. Coleridge.*

The following is the Hymn referred to in the letter of our Fair correspondent in last week's Standard. It was written for and sung at the Dedham Pic-Nic:

NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY HYMN.

4th July, 1846.

BY G. WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

The land our fathers left to us
Is foul with hateful sin:—
When shall, O Lord, this sorrow end,
And hope and joy begin?

What good, though growing wealth and strength
Shall stretch from shore to shore,
If thus the fatal poison-taint
Be only spread the more?

Wipe out, O God, the Nation's guilt—
Then swell the Nation's power;
But build not high our yearning hopes
To wither in an hour!

No outward show, nor fancied strength,
From thy stern justice saves;
There is no liberty for them
Who make their brethren slaves!

CORRECTION.—A friend suggests that the reference to the "Five Points," in the article in last week's paper, on Dr. Patton's Church, may be misunderstood. We wish to state distinctly, that the "Five Points" referred to were those of Calvin, and not a particular locality known by that name in this city.

We understand, too, that the elder referred to is not a Liberty party man, but he is an Abolitionist of the new organization school, and connected, as was stated, with the American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society.

CELEBRATION OF THE FOURTH.—The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer says, that the Methodist colored people of Washington were to hold a Fair, on "Independence Day," to raise funds for the purchase of their pastor! This is the most appropriate celebration of the nation's birth-day that we have heard of, and it was peculiarly fitting that it should have been held in the nation's Capital. We have not heard whether Mr. Polk and his cabinet were in attendance.

☞ Can any of our Liberty party exchanges tell us if the paper called the *Albany Patriot*, is still in existence? Or was it the first to give evidence of the decline of its party in this State? We have not seen it for months.

From our Boston Correspondent.

No. III.

Fourth of July—Feast of Tabernacles at Dedham—Characteristics of the Scene—and of the people—The Fourth in Boston—Mr. Fletcher Webster and his Oration—Dinner in Faneuil Hall—Cruel irony of the Toast-master—Fire-works at night—Pyrotechnic patriotism—Castle of San Juan de Ulloa destroyed by the Boston Aldermen, at an expense of only two thousand dollars—Departure of Mr. Garrison for Europe—Concourse of friends on the wharf—Meeting of colored inhabitants to bid him farewell on the eve of his departure, &c. &c. &c.

BOSTON, JULY 16, 1846.

Many things have happened since I wrote to you three weeks ago. The Fourth of July has intervened since then, with all its cruel sarcasm, and bitter ironies. The usual amount of powder has been exploded, the usual contingent of arms and legs blown off, the usual quantity of lies told, with the usual grave faces, and the usual quantity of rum drank, all in honor of the day; and now, the great national Sabbath having passed, and been duly observed, we can return, with good consciences, to the performance of our daily duties, of making money, cheating our creditors, and "*larruping* our niggers."

There was at least one celebration however, which was a festival of true freedom; a protest against the shams which filled the land with vaporing and gasconade, intended to deceive the people into the delusion that it is indeed a land of liberty. I shall not attempt, after the account of the scene from one of the managers, in your last paper, to describe the "Feast of Tabernacles," which the Abolitionists held in the grove—one of "God's first temples at Dedham." I cannot hope to improve upon it. But it was truly an enchanting scene, whether looked at with the eyes of the flesh, or of the spirit; whether gazed at as a mere spectacle of material beauty, or pondered with a deep sense of its solemn significance and happy augury. The tapering stems of the tall pines each fit to be "the mast of some great admiral," the checkered light and shade beneath their waving tops, contrasting with the clear sunlight which bathed the bordering meadow,—the clear blue sky, flecked with those fleecy clouds which Ruysdael delights to send floating over his immortal landscapes,—the picturesque tents,—the happy groups wandering over the grounds, or seated on the thick carpet of pine leaves with which years had thickly strown the turf,—the ringing tones of the speakers, as they uttered forth their words of rebuke or of cheer,—the occasional burst of instrumental music, and the choral hymns of freedom which ever and anon swelled up from the gathered thousands,—all together made up a picture and a prophecy to which the heart of freedom, when growing heavy in its life-long warfare with tyrants, may turn for solace and for strength.

There was one circumstance which I am not sure that your correspondent noticed, which distinguished this celebration from the vulgar festivities which have honored or dishonored this day, since it was recognized as the birth-day of the nation. I mean the entire absence of rude mirth or ill-mannered roystering. There was no *rowdyism* there. The deportment and manners of the great multitude there assembled would have graced the most fastidious of drawing-rooms. From the great numbers present, many of whom had travelled from early morning for many miles on this errand, it was impossible to furnish refreshments, at one point of time, with the despatch which the demand required. And it was beautiful to see the patience, the forbearance, the deferring, one to another, the genuine good breeding which this circumstance drew forth. It was a sight not always seen in banqueting-rooms of greater pretensions to exclusiveness and politeness. There was an air of elegance thrown over the whole scene by this demeanor of the crowd, throughout the day, which gave it a marked and distinguished character.

In Boston the day was offered up in the usual manner. The chief difference for the better was the gratuitous distribution of cold water on the Common, to the thirsty crowds. This simple act of prevention, doubtless, saved much drunkenness. Mr. FLETCHER WEBSTER'S oration has received its due in the leader of your last week's paper, and, therefore, it is not necessary for me to descant upon it. The ordeal of a Fourth of July oration is one to which the burning ploughshares of Queen Emma were but dainty playthings. But when it has to be undergone by a son of DANIEL WEBSTER, the difficulty amounts to cruelty. Old Bentley, the critic,—"slashing Bentley, with his desperate hook,"—once quoted to his witty son Richard, the sometime friend of Horace Walpole, in allusion to his love for the fine arts, making him indifferent to the classic lore, which was to him the one thing needful, "ἑνὸς δρουν χαθοι," and asked for a translation, which he gave in these words: "The sons of heroes are *boobies!*" And though Mr. FLETCHER WEBSTER is certainly not a *booby*, any more than his father is a *hero

well. We, therefore, bade him farewell with cheerful hearts, and, after we had watched the noble vessel, as she walked the waters, till we could distinguish his face no more, we all returned, to endeavor to play our parts, as best we may, upon the only stage on this continent, worthy to be trod by men who respect themselves. Mr. GARRISON has left *The Liberator* in the charge, mainly, of EDMUND QUINCY, and CHARLES K. WHIPPLE, with the promise of assistance from MARIA W. CHAPMAN, and WENDELL PHILLIPS I hope that the truth will not suffer in their hands.

Yesterday evening, the eve of Mr. Garrison's departure, a most interesting meeting was held in the Belknap street (African) Church, of the colored inhabitants, to bid their friend and benefactor farewell. The large church was filled, chiefly with persons of color, but with an ample intermixture of pale faces. The religious services were conducted by the Rev. Mr. RAYMOND, after which an address was made, on behalf of the colored inhabitants of Boston, by JOHN T. HILTON, who feelingly expressed the sentiments of love and veneration which that injured class feel towards the man, who appeared as the champion of their trampled race, in the darkest hour of their fate,—when it seemed as if they were deserted by God and man. In spite of the wily efforts of the enemies whom Mr. Garrison's fidelity has raised up, particularly of those who have deserted, and attempted to destroy the Anti-Slavery movement, to injure his influence with the colored people, they have signally failed of their purpose. The instinct of such a proscribed class, to say nothing of their experience and good sense, is enough to teach them who is their true, consistent, and disinterested friend. To this address, Mr. Garrison replied at length, touching on the various topics suggested by his relations to the cause, and to the colored race. His speech was received throughout with strong emotion by the audience. After remarks from others, and the adoption of appropriate resolutions, the meeting adjourned. It was an occasion highly honorable to those who gave, and most gratifying to him who received, this testimony of affectionate respect. D. Y.

Notes on New Books.

Shores of the Mediterranean; with Sketches of Travel. By Francis Schroeder, Secretary to the Commodore Commanding the United States Squadron in that Sea, 1843-'45. With Engravings. In two Volumes. Harper & Brothers: 1846.

These are two very handsome volumes; and if we were not steady as familiar with every pebble on the shores of the Mediterranean, as with the paving stones in Broadway, we should not hesitate to pronounce them highly entertaining ones. Having just gone over nearly the same ground which Mr. Schroeder travels, with that delightful companion, Mr. M. A. Titmarsh, and recently rambled with Monckton Milnes, Eliot Warburton, Eothen, an "Englishman," and our own countrymen, Stephens and Dr. Olin, we could not anticipate meeting with anything new in accompanying Mr. Schroeder from Gibraltar to Valetta, or from Jaffa to Jerusalem. We believe that a more wonderful and saleable book of travels might be made from exploring some of the unknown regions in the old thirteen States of our Union, than from visiting any other part of the world. Indeed, we know less of the interior of North Carolina than of Abyssinia, or Egypt. But we have no right to dictate themes to our authors, and must remember that Mr. Schroeder did not go to the Mediterranean on purpose to write a book of travels, but as Secretary to the Commander of our Mediterranean fleet. He is a very pleasant companion, and although his book contains nothing new, it is very far from being dull or tedious. His great fault is one of which nine-tenths of the authors of the day are guilty, namely: trying to be humorous. For one reason, we wish that his book could be extensively circulated among the people, that they might see what a holyday-life our gallant naval officers have led the past thirty years, for Mr. Schroeder's letters give a very correct idea of life on board our men-of-war. We do not grudge our naval officers their pleasures, and would much prefer that they should be employed in dancing with the Mahon ladies, or eating oranges in Rio, to blockading Mexican ports, but we do not believe that the people would choose to tax themselves to the extent of six millions yearly, to allow a certain number of Congressional nephews, and chivalrous Virginians, to make pleasure voyages in national yachts.

Miss Beecher's Receipt Book. Designed as a Supplement to her Domestic Economy. Harper & Brothers: 1846.

Considered in all its points, we regard this as the most valuable book of the kind ever published in this country. It is an original work, and peculiarly adapted to the habits of American families. It has one peculiarity which distinguishes it from all other cookery books, and gives it a value for which we might look in vain in the *Almanade des Gourmands*, or in Mons. Ude's elaborate treaties; namely, the fine moral reflections and sanitary directions interspersed among the receipts for cooking, and the directions for eating and drinking. We find a few orthographical errors in the book, which were unexpected in a work from so accomplished a person as Miss Beecher; as, for instance, ochre for okra, frizzled for frilled, and so on.

Livonian Tales. By the Author of Letters from the Baltic. Library of Select Novels. No. 85. Harper & Brothers.

If lady authors were not more abundant than blackberries, the writer of these tales would be the most famous woman of her day, for she has a rare mind, an observing eye, and a happy style. In these tales she has met Fredericka Bremer, almost on her own ground, and if she has not surpassed her, she has at least equalled her in the story of the *Disponent*.

On the Connection of the Physical Sciences. By Mary Somerville. From the Seventh London Edition. New-York: Harper & Brothers: 1846.

This famous work is here presented to the American public for the first time in a perfect shape. Its merits are so well known among astronomical students, that it is unnecessary to name them, but the liberality of the publishers deserves a word of commendation. The book forms the 14th number of the "New Miscellany." It combines cheapness, elegance, and convenience. It contains four hundred and sixty pages of fine, but clear print; it is copiously illustrated with diagrams, and is neatly and substantially bound. The price is but fifty cents. The publishers are also to be commended for the example they have set in giving the source whence the work was derived. Mrs. Somerville's acquirements are extremely rare among women, but they confer less honor upon her intellect than the clearness and simplicity of her style, which is quite as rare among male writers, who have published scientific works for the benefit of the million.

The same publishers have also issued "*A School Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities. Abridged from the Large Dictionary. By William Smith, LL. D. With Corrections and Improvements. By Charles Anthon, LL. D.* "*The Bible, the Koran, and the Talmud,*" which forms No. 15 of the "New Miscellany."

Serials.—Harpers' Illustrated Shakspeare, contains part of Titus Andronicus, and an introductory essay by Mr. Verplanck, establishing beyond question, if there be any questioners now, the Shakspearian character of this bloody tragedy.

Pictorial England, No. 3.

Wandering Jew, Illustrated, No. 15.

To Correspondents.

We received the letter of our friend in M. last winter, and wished the continuation of the paper to be understood as a reply. Rather than that his necessities should deprive him of what he so much values, we shall square his account to the beginning of the present volume.

We shall expect to hear still further from R. C. M. of H.

We are gratified at J. L. H.'s opinion of our labors, and are not at all surprised to hear of that of some of his neighbors. It is precisely because we are what we are, that "orthodox" clergymen, and their Liberty party followers, esteem us as they do. We shall begin to be popular with the Church when we approach so near its standard as to be no longer obnoxious to the charge of reducing Christianity to practice.

E. M. D. will observe that the article we sent is not what we supposed it. Of course he will not use it. If, however, he is disposed to accept our proposition, the right thing shall be found.

We reply, *Yes*, to S. S. of B.

P. H. B is informed that the papers are always mailed on Wednesday afternoon. If the subscribers in F. do not receive theirs, the fault is in the Post Office Department. They shall be sent as directed for the future.

The name of M. W. of D. was entered according to the direction sent, M. W. of C.; hence the mistake. It is now corrected, and the back numbers sent.

S. S. C. is assured that the paper has been sent to B. for several weeks, to 25 Cornhill.

The request of E. L. F. shall be attended to.

T. C. will have observed, by last week's paper, that the mistake was corrected.

We have not a copy of the paper referred to by S. P. The notices shall appear next week.

This Week's Paper.

FOURTH PAGE.—*Poetry:* The Workhouse Clock. *Miscellany:* Toussaint, (continued); The Old Brown Dog; Art-Union Engraving for 1846; Monument to Rev. Dr. Emmons; Gleanings from Foreign Papers.

FIRST PAGE.—*Selections:* The War; Daring Attempt to aid a slave to escape; Slave-Breeding Bishops; Conquest of Mexico; In a strait betwixt two; Petty Insolence and Tyranny; Difference of Sentiment; Extracts from C. M. Clay's Speech, in Boston, September, 1844; Boston; Freeman's Trial; Letter from Henry C. Wright to Ministers and Members of the Free Church of Scotland.

SECOND PAGE.—John Randolph's Slaves; Letter from C. M. Clay. *Communications:* Windham County Anti-Slavery Meeting; Letter from the Chapparal.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

Later from Europe.

Since our last, the steamships *Cambria*, at Boston, and *Great Britain* at this port, have brought us late and important news from Europe. The dates by the latter vessel are to the 7th inst.

The new Corn Bill is passed, and went into operation on the 27th ult. The sugar question will next come up for settlement.

The Irish Coercion Bill has been defeated by a majority of 73.

The Ministry have resigned, and a new Government is formed, with Lord John Russell at its head. The utmost good feeling exists between the old and new incumbents. Sir Robert Peel made a great speech on retiring from office, in which he said, that having carried through the great measure of the Corn Bill, it was fitting he and his colleagues should retire, lest they should rest under the imputation of having changed their principles to secure their places. He also said that the mediation of Great Britain between this country and Mexico, was offered by the first packet that sailed after the news of the war reached England. In that portion of his speech relative to the Oregon Treaty, he announced that the free navigation of the Columbia was secured by his Government.

Haydon, the historical painter, has committed suicide in consequence of pecuniary difficulties.

The distress in Ireland has been in a great measure prevented by the large importations and distribution of Indian meal. An effort is making in Cork to raise a life annuity of £700, for Father Matthew.

The news from the Continent is not important.

Cardinal Mastrey Ferreti has been chosen Pope, under the title of Pope Pius IX.

General Items.

A Horrible Crime.—In a late Georgia paper, we notice that one Patterson was sentenced to ninety days' imprisonment in the common jail of the county, and for what, think you? The paper informs us with the utmost gravity imaginable, in these words:

"The offence charged, was the purchase of one bushel of corn of a negro man slave, at about the hour of 2 o'clock at night.

"The crime for which this conviction and punishment has taken place, is one of great magnitude, and we regret to believe of too frequent occurrence."

We thought we had heard of all kinds of enormous crimes, but this purchasing of a bushel of corn, of a negro man slave—at about the hour of 2 o'clock at night, too—O, horrors! is a *leetle* the last we ever did hear of. *Salem Register.*

Disastrous Fire at Nantucket.—This town has again been the scene of a destructive conflagration, but far more extensive and ruinous than any former one. The best part of the town is in ashes. Among the buildings destroyed was the Athenæum, together with its valuable library and cabinet. Trinity Church, Washington Hall, all the hotels, the Custom house, with all the books and papers belonging to the office, the Post-office, Manufacturers' and Mechanics' and Saving Banks, both Marine Insurance offices, and five Oil Manufactories. Among those who have lost the heaviest amounts of property are Aaron Mitchell, Richard Mitchell, George Myrick, and James Athearn. The books and papers from the Post-office, Probate office, and nearly all the public offices were saved. Many persons have lost every thing that they possessed. The whole amount of property destroyed is estimated at $1,500,000, of which there is about $300,000 insured.

Mrs. P. S. Wright has been here for about ten days, delivering a course of lectures on Anatomy and Physiology, to ladies, and we are informed by members of her class, that they have derived great profit and pleasure from listening to her. We attended a public lecture which she gave on the philosophy of mind, on Sunday evening last, in the Athenæum, and a very excellent lecture it was. She had evidently employed a powerful intellect in the patient and thorough examination of her subject; her views were clear and definite; her argument rigidly systematic, and her language so precise and accurate, that you saw at once that she was a patient and careful thinker. We could not give our assent to all her positions, but we were not, on that account, the less pleased with the lecture. Judging from her Sunday evening's discourse, we should say that she is eminently fitted for the work which she has undertaken, and that her labors are calculated to be productive of inestimable good. *Nantucket Inquirer.*

We have a letter from Kingston, Jamaica, dated June 12, which says: [*Courrier des Etats Unis.*

Lord Elgin, our Governor, has left us for England—temporarily, it is said, but many believe that he will not return. General Berkley administers the Government, *ad interim.*

I have to announce the arrival of the notorious priest Medrano, and of his inevitable Hernandez, and the new satellite, whom he so scandalously brought with him from your city. Medrano arrived at Kingston from Trinidad de Cuba in a vessel which he had chartered; his pupils followed in another. Unluckily for the wandering trio, your paper of February 7th had preceded them, and they found themselves recognized and unmasked as soon as they landed. When he learned the means by which they had thus been exposed, Medrano was furious, and talked of going back to New-York and prosecuting you for defamation; but he has sinced cooled down, and resolved to visit England with his companions. They have taken passage on board the Thames, which goes to-morrow.

Acquittal of Captain Libby.—The trial of this person for the capital offence of being concerned in slave dealing, which has been going on for some time at Portland, before Judge Woodbury, was brought to a close on the morning of the 15th. The jury, after being absent one hour, brought in a verdict of not guilty. The defendant is detained on another indictment, charging him with misdemeanor, connected with slave dealing on the African coast, and the Court will proceed to trial on that at once. A new jury has been summoned for that purpose.

Methodist Protestant Church.—The Slave Question.—In consequence of the action of the late General Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church on the slave question, a number of the members of the Cincinnati, Batavia, and Buford Circuits, held a convention on the 20th ult. at which resolutions were unanimously adopted, disapproving the action of the Conference on said question, recommending to the Quarterly Conference of the several circuits and stations of the Ohio Annual Conference to take into consideration the propriety of withdrawing fellowship from the slaveholding portion of the church, and of instructing the delegates to the next Annual Conference accordingly. They also resolved that in case the Ohio Conference refused to withdraw, they would withdraw themselves.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

For the Standard—from June 15, to July 15, 1846.

Henry Miller, New-York,		$1 00
James Adams, Jr. Canterbury, Ct.		1 00
Charles B. Taylor, Pittsburg, Pa.		9 50
John Ketcham, Jerico, L. I.		1 00
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Nathan Daniels, Leicester, Mass.		1 00
John Woodcock,	" "	1 00
Ira Earle,	" "	1 00
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Samuel May,	" "	1 00
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Eliza C. Clapp,	" "	1 00
Sanford Woodcock,	" "	1 00
Samuel Rockwood,	" "	1 00
Abram Firth, Clappville,		1 00
Luke Adams, Barre,		1 00
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Elijah Crooker, Washington, Me.		1 00
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Moses Hill,	" "	1 00
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John Gardner,	"	1 00
H. Lawson,	"	1 00
Miss Stevenson,	"	1 00
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S. B. Kendall,	"	3 00
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Adoniram Clapp,	"	1 00
Mrs. Mary Newton,	"	1 00
Henrietta Sargent,	"	2 00
Eliza N. Rice,	"	1 00
Mary Willey,	"	1 00
Hon. J. G. Palfrey,	"	1 00
Goodhue Ambrose,	"	1 00
Anna W. Colton,	"	1 00
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Charles Henderson,	"	1 00
Mrs. B. Fowler,	"	1 00
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Jacob H. Kent,	"	1 00
Sarah A. Allen,	"	1 00
Rev. Moses G. Thomas, South Boston,		1 00
Rev. George M. Rice, Mendon,		1 00
Miss Chloe Hayward,	"	1 00
Clark Aldrich, Upton,		1 00
John Wales, Milford,		1 00
Elias B. Bicknell, South Milford,		1 00
George Baker, Millville,		1 00
Ezra Hunt, Milford,		1 00
Moses Gould,	"	1 00
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Rev. Wm. C. Moseley, South Scituate, Mass.		1 00
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Miss Deborah C. Briggs,	" "	1 00
Smith Gray, Walpole,	"	1 00
Prof. Joseph Torrey, Burlington, Vt.		1 00
I. Sexton, Fall River,	Mass.	1 00
Benjamin Edwards,	Salem, "	1 00
S. S. Johnson,	" "	1 00
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Sarah Austin,	" "	1 00
Martha Howell,	" "	1 00
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Joseph W. Clark,	" "	1 00
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Humphrey Wilbur, N. Easton, N. Y.		1 00
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John Baird,	" "	25
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A. W. Phetteplace, Farmington,	"	1 00
Harmon Sheffer,	" "	1 00
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Mrs. Joseph Arnold, Jr. West Roxbury, Mass.		1 00
William Keith, Sen.	" "	1 00
Cornelius Cowing,	" "	1 00
Benjamin Draper,	" "	1 00
Noah Gerrish,	" "	1 00
Lucy Cabot,	" "	1 00
Mrs. Corey,	" "	1 00
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Aaron Cass,	" "	1 00
Mrs. John Whittemore,	" "	1 00
George Mann,	" "	1 00
James Mason,	" "	1 00
Mr. Thayer,	" "	1 00
W. Greene,	" "	1 00
Frederick Cabot,	" "	1 00
Dr. Draper,	" "	1 00
Mrs. Tafi,	" "	1 00
Ebenezer Dudley,	" "	1 00
Samuel Hazelwood,	" "	1 00
George Gay, Steuben, Me.		2 00
H. W. Carter, Hubbardston, Mass.		1 00
H. A. Beebee,	" "	25
E. True, Pownal, Me.		1 00
Eliza Tuttle, Salisbury Corners, N. Y.		1 00
Caroline A. Burgess, West Winfield, N. Y.		1 00
Avery Backus,	" "	1 00
Isaac Backus,	" "	1 00
Hannah ——, Hingham, Mass.		1 00
Cordelia Adams,	" "	1 00
H. A. Parmenter, Newport, R. I.		1 00
Thomas E. Cox,	" "	1 00
Thomas Nichols,	" "	50
Mrs. H. R. Salisbury,	" "	50
Sophia L. Little,	" "	50
S. B. Crane, Westminster, Mass.		1 00
Edward Carter,	" "	1 00
Samuel Richmond North Middleboro, Mass.		1 00
Rev. R. P. Cutler, Portland, Me.		1 00
Cyril Brown, Foxboro, Mass.		1 00
Robert B. Grover,	" "	1 00
George Grover,	" "	1 00
George Sherman,	" "	1 00
Almira F. Belcher,	" "	1 00
Amount brought forward,		——215.43

DONATIONS.

Dr. Lewis S. Hopkins, Boston,	$15 00
Wm. Lloyd Garrison, "	10 00
William Ashby, Salem,	2 00
A. Fairbank,	1 00
Uriah Ritchie,	1 00
George Doughty, Jamaica, Long Island,	5 00
Charles B. Taylor, Pittsburg, by S. Brooke,	25 00
Wendell Phillips, Boston, in part for pledge,	25 00
Rev. Theodore Parker, West Roxbury,	10 00
Asa Cutter Oxford, Mass.	10 00
Seth Rogers, (pledge at an. meet'g.)	5 00
Stillman Lathrop, Cambridge,	5 00
	——114.00
Total amount,	$329 43

FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer.

(To be continued.)

Married,

In Boston, by Rev. Dr. Vinton, *Francis W. Sayles*, Esq. of the firm of Sayles, Merriam & Brewer, to Miss *Jane H.* daughter of Benj. F. Hallet, Esq.

In Providence, 8th instant, Capt. *Ansel B. Pope*, of Sandwich, to Miss *Mary Abby*, daughter of Mr. Gilbert Richmond, of P.

In Boston, 12th instant, Mr. *George S. Pearce*, formerly of Taunton, to Miss *Susannah F.* daughter of Christopher Gore, Esq.

At Haverhill, (N. H.) 8th instant, by Rev. Mr. Delano, Mr. *William R. Hooper*, of Boston, to Miss *Martha*, daughter of the late John Nelson, Esq. of H.

Died

At the residence of his father, July 11th, of consumption, *George L. Lerow*, late Principal of the New Brighton Collegiate School, Staten Island, N. Y. aged 32 years.

In Nantucket, 11th instant, *Eliza*, wife of Alanson Swain, aged 24 years and 6 months.

In Brooklyn, N. Y. 12th instant, *Lucian Derby*, infant son of C. T. Catlin, and grand-son of the late General Derby, of Salem, Mass.

In Londonderry, (N. H.) 12th ultimo, *Zaccheus Greeley*, aged 93, grandfather of Horace Greeley, Esq. Editor of the New-York Tribune.

At Long Plain, Fairhaven, 8th instant, *Mary*, wife of Peleg Howland—an esteemed member and elder of the Society of Friends.

On the 12th instant, at the family residence, Mount Airy, Prince George's county, Maryland, in the 18th year of his age, *Edward Henry Calvert*, the eldest son of Benedict Calvert, and grandson of Charles Calvert, the sixth Lord Baltimore.

At West Springfield, Massachusetts, 11th instant, Hon. *Samuel Lathrop*, aged 75. Mr. Lathrop was the Representative of the District in Congress from 1818 to 1826.

At Boston, on Wednesday, the 8th instant, *Martha*, wife of the Rev. Charles S. Sherman, now of New Britain, Connecticut, and late missionary of the American Board to Jerusalem.

At Boston, on Monday, *C. J. Howland*, Esq. Senior Editor and Associate Proprietor of the Boston Bee, in the 32d year of his age.

At Brooklyn, on the 15th instant, *George Hurlbut*, Esq.

At Boston, July 15th, *George Burroughs*, Esq. aged 89.

NOTICES.

TO THE ABOLITIONISTS OF THE STATE OF NEW-YORK.

DEAR FRIENDS:—The American Anti-Slavery Society proposes to make this State a prominent field of labor the present year, and asks your co-operation. For the past year its efforts have been more particularly put forth in New Hampshire, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts, with the most favorable results. In the former State we behold, in the political triumph of John P. Hale, the fruit of the persevering and uncompromising labors of its agents. The manifestation of the moral power which has been brought to bear upon the other States, just mentioned, are not less clearly developed, while the influence exerted upon the country at large may be seen in the advanced state of public sentiment, and the spirit of inquiry which is abroad in the land. It is true that Slavery still riots in our borders, but it is also true, that not now as formerly does she do so without awakening a note of alarm.

For the apathy and indifference which formerly prevailed, we now hear the voice of stern rebuke, and uncompromising hostility. Earnest remonstrance comes up, not only from the *nominally* free States, but from South-land itself, while the burning words of Thompson, and Buffum, and Wright, and Douglass, mingled with the voices of the other friends of freedom across the Atlantic, come to us by every steamship; and "SEND BACK THE MONEY," falls upon the ear of the man-stealer with a fearful power. While others are nobly battling in behalf of freedom shall we remain idle? The question of

NEGRO SUFFRAGE

Is now before the people of our own State. The action of the Convention now in session to revise the Constitution, may be modified and directed to a great extent by the influences which may be brought to bear upon it by the people at large. And should the question be submitted separately, (as very probably it may,) it is of the highest importance that measures be taken to instil into the minds of the people a sacred regard for human rights, by which they will be induced to recognize them as readily in a colored man as in his pale-faced brother. This unjust distinction gives the voice of the State in favor of the *inequality of human rights*,—which is the very foundation stone of American Slavery,—its abrogation would have a powerful influence in favor of freedom.

The fruit of the Texan iniquity is already put to our lips in the

WAR WITH MEXICO,

A war, in its conception and prosecution, unparalleled in the history of the world for cowardly meanness and flagrant injustice. The unprovoked attack of a strong nation upon a weak and defenceless one, for the sole purpose of extending and perpetuating Slavery. Tis ever thus that tyranny seizes upon the weak to glut its rapacious maw.

"From East to West
A groan of accusation pierces Heaven!
The wretched plead against us; multitudes
Countless and vehement, the Sons of God,
Our brethren!
* * * * * * * * *
We have drunk up, demure as at a grace,
Pollutions from the brimming cup of wealth;
Contemptuous of all honorable rule,
Yet bartering freedom and the poor man's life
For gold, as at a market! The sweet words
Of Christian promise, words that even yet
Might stem destruction were they wisely preached,
Are muttered o'er by men, whose tones proclaim
How flat and wearisome they feel their trade."

Those who were loud in their denunciations of this war before it commenced, are now tamely submitting to, if not actually abetting the atrocious scheme. Men of high profession and who would scout the adoption of the sentiment, in words,—"Our country, right or wrong,"—are, nevertheless, adopting it in their actions. Every friend of freedom, and every *true* patriot, will do all in his power to palsy the arm of the United States in her conflict with Mexico.

The principles and objects of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and the measures by which it proposes to secure those objects, are familiar to all who have taken the pains to inform themselves upon the subject.

Composed of all classes of individuals in the various relations of life, differing widely upon many things, yet agreeing in their hostility to Slavery. It seeks not to dictate to any what relations they shall sustain, either social, civil, or political, but that in all their relations they shall be true to liberty,—and that all relations are *necessarily* wrong which they cannot sustain without compromising the principles of freedom. Hence it calls upon individuals to withdraw their countenance and support from pro-slavery organizations in Church and State, because they *are pro-slavery*, and for no other reason; and hence it calls upon all persons to withdraw themselves from this Government, and adopt the motto of

NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS.

Because it tramples upon all the rights of man, and no one is permitted to have part or lot in it, without first virtually pledging himself to do its unholy bidding.

"All, all must swear, the briber and the bribed,
All, all make up one scheme of perjury,
That faith doth reel;"

Our reliance is solely upon moral power, which is, in fact, the only conservative principle in the nation. It seeks to expose and destroy Slavery, whether covered with the sacerdotal robe, or shielded by the forms of Constitution and Law.

"For never can true courage dwell with them,
Who, playing tricks with conscience, dare not look
At their own vices. We have been too long
Dupes of a deep delusion! Some, belike,
Groaning with restless enmity, expect
All change from change of constituted power;
As if a Government had been a robe,
On which our vice and wretchedness were tagg'd,
Like fancy points and fringes, with the robe,
Pull'd off at pleasure. Fondly these attach
A radical causation to a few
Poor drudges of chastising Providence,
Who borrow all their hues and qualities
From our own folly and rank wickedness,
Which gave them birth and nursed them."

LECTURERS

——215.43 Will be employed, who have been baptized in the fountain of liberty, and whose success in the history of the cause, by their eloquence, zeal, energy, and devotion, give an earnest of what we may confidently expect as the result of their future labors. Meetings and conventions will be held to discuss in detail the different branches of the cause, and to urge upon the public conscience the truth of Anti-Slavery principles, and the necessity of their adoption.

The living voice has ever been found one of the most efficient instrumentalities in converting men to the truth, and awakening them to a just apprehension of their own responsibilities. Tracts, having a direct bearing upon the present aspects of the cause, will be circulated with an unsparing hand, but one of the most important measures to be adopted, will be the extensive circulation of the organ of the Society, the

NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

The services of several efficient friends of the cause, well known for their eminence in the republic of letters, have been secured to aid in its columns as contributors. Among the number may be found the names of ELIZA LEE FOLLEN, REV. JOHN WEISS, CHARLES F. BRIGGS, WENDELL PHILLIPS, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, whose soul-stirring poetry alone is a sufficient recommendation to any periodical; MARIA W. CHAPMAN, REV. SAMUEL J. MAY, REV. WILLIAM F. CHANNING, REV. THOMAS T. STONE, REV. SAMUEL MAY, and to crown the brilliant list, the name of EDMUND QUINCY. Each number, probably, of the paper will contain contributions from one or more of these persons. Arrangements have been made, with promise of success, to secure the assistance of other well-known friends of the cause, not only in this country, but across the Atlantic. We have in these facts, with SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, as editor, a safe guarantee, that the STANDARD, in point of Anti-Slavery FIDELITY, as well as literary ability, will not be surpassed by any other paper. The low price of ONE DOLLAR a year, at which it is put that its friends may give it the widest circulation, makes it the cheapest Anti-Slavery paper there is published. Who will do himself and family the injustice not to take it? And how could you do a *halting* friend a greater kindness than to order a copy to his address?

Another instrumentality which has proved eminently successful, is the holding of

ANTI-SLAVERY FAIRS.

The women of Western New-York have already got a large number of useful and attractive articles prepared for such an occasion,—the fruit of their own skill and industry,—and aid is solicited from friends in every part of the State,—let those who can send but *little* not withhold that *little*, because it is not *much*. The Fair will be held at Rochester, and opened on Christmas Eve. It is intended to have specimens of everything which untiring energy can secure, from loads of hay and bags of oats, to cambric needles and thread lace. More of this hereafter.

To carry on these operations successfully, will require

FUNDS.

Old and tried friends of the slave! you, who have heretofore given liberally, and have not become "weary in well-doing," are you willing to make still greater sacrifices of time, reputation, and money, for the bondman! To-day the lash of the slave-driver is buried in the quivering flesh of his victim, and the iron of oppression rankles in his soul. To-day the plains of Mexico drink up the blood of her sons at the bidding of tyranny. To-day the suffering and the dumb, the outraged and wronged, in the name of Justice, demand our aid. Infamy, dark and damning, is every moment fastening itself more deeply upon our country, and he who remains inactive now, writes ignominy upon his soul, and slave upon his spirit. It may cost much, manfully to oppose the wrongs, and outrages, and crimes, which are perpetrated in the name of the Government, and sanctioned and sanctified by the religion of the land,—but the brave heart can well afford to suffer all the penalties which ingenuity can devise and tyranny inflict; but it cannot afford to merit the curses of the weak and the defenceless—the stricken and the dumb—the slave-mother in her chains, or the little children whose young hearts are crushed by the heel of cruelty.

"For a child's sob curseth deeper in the silence
Than the strong man in his wrath."

The friends of the cause in the different localities, are requested to communicate with me, by mail, relative to the most auspicious time to hold meetings in their vicinity, and the places of holding them,—also, to give their counsel and advice upon the subject in general.

J. C. HATHAWAY,
General Agent of the American Anti-Slavery Society for the State of New-York.

FARMINGTON, 6th mo. 30th, 1846.

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

To the Members and Friends of the Eastern Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society.

We would remind you that the annual meeting of the State Society is to take place at Kennett Meeting-house, in Chester county, on Wednesday, the 5th of August, at 10 o'clock, A. M. and invite you to be present, punctually at the hour, and to bring with you as many of your friends as possible.

Since our enterprise first took an organized form, there has been no period more deeply interesting than the present; none more calculated to inspire hope; none that has made louder demands for watchful fidelity. The cause imperiously requires that we should come together in our whole strength, and come prepared to give and to labor. For our own part, we dare not be absent, when we remember that the injustice and blindness of the master, and the degradation of the slave, exist in part because of our inactivity. We feel bound to be present, and that we may encourage and be encouraged, and that we may give our aid, if it should be but by an uplifted hand, to cheer on those who with us are laboring for the day of emancipation.

Shall it be said that we are lukewarm, when the whole community is up in arms at the dictation of the slave power? Let none be discouraged, and say they feel as though they could do nothing, and that it is useless for them to go. Even were this true, it only proves the necessity on the part of such of their coming together to ascertain what they can do, and to see and to hear those who can testify to the happy effects of laboring in this holy cause. But it is not true; the weakest among us has more power than the strong

Poetry.

THE WORKHOUSE CLOCK.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

There's a murmur in the air,
And noise in every street—
The murmur of many tongues,
The noise of numerous feet—
While round the workhouse door
The laboring classes flock,
For why? the overseer of the Poor
Is setting the Workhouse Clock.

Who does not hear the tramp
Of thousands speeding along
Of either sex and various stamp,
Sickly, crippled, or strong,
Walking, limping, creeping,
From court, and alley, and lane,
But all in one direction sweeping
Like rivers that seek the main?

Who does not see them sally
From mill, and garret, and room,
In lane, and court, and alley,
From homes in poverty's lowest valley,
Furnished with shuttle and loom—
Poor slaves of Civilization's galley—
And in the road and footways rally,
As if for the Day of Doom?
Some of hardly human form,
Stunted, crooked, and crippled by toil;
Dingy with smoke, and dust, and oil,
And smirch'd besides with vicious soil,
Clustering, mustering, all in a swarm.
Father, mother, and careful child,
Looking as if it had never smiled—
The Sempstress, lean, and weary and wan,
With only the ghosts of garments on—
The weaver her sallow neighbor,
The grim and sooty Artisan;
Every soul—child, woman or man,
Who lives—or dies—by labor.

Stirred by an overwhelming zeal,
And social impulse, a terrible throng!
Leaving shuttle, and needle, and wheel,
Furnace, and grindstone, spindle, and reel,
Thread, and yarn, and iron, and steel—
Yea, rest and the yet untasted meal—
Gushing, rushing, crushing along,
A very torrent of Man!
Urged by the sighs of sorrow and wrong,
Grown at last to a hurricane strong,
Stop its course who can!
Stop who can its onward course
And irresistible moral force;
O! vain and idle dream!
For surely as men are all akin,
Whether of fair or sable skin,
According to Nature's scheme,
That Human Movement contains within
A Blood-Power stronger than Steam.

Onward, onward, with hasty feet,
They swarm—and westward still—
Masses born to drink and eat,
But starving amidst Whitechapel's meat,
And famishing down Cornhill!
Through the Poultry—but still unfed—
Christian Charity, hang your head!
Hungry—passing the street of Bread;
Thirsty—the street of Milk;
Ragged—beside the Ludgate Mart,
So gorgeous, through Mechanic Art,
With cotton, and wool, and silk!

At last, before that door
That bears so many a knock
Ere ever it opens to Sick or Poor,
Like sheep they huddle and flock—
And would that all the Good and Wise
Could see the million of hollow eyes,
With a gleam deriv'd from Hope and the skies,
Upturn'd to the Workhouse Clock!
Oh! that the Parish Powers,
Who regulate Labor's hours,
The daily amount of human trial,
Weariness, pain, and self-denial,
Would turn from the artificial dial
That striketh ten or eleven,
And, go for once, by that older one
That stands in the light of Nature's sun,
And takes its time from Heaven!

Miscellany.

TOUSSAINT;
AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

(From an unpublished Translation from the German of Theodore Mügge.)

[CONTINUED.]

The company hastened to the window, and Libertas swore outright. "Something has happened," he cried, "but, by G—, the rascal shall pay for it."

"Valsain!" called he, and tore open the gauze, "what is the matter there?"

At the fearful sound of their master's voice, the circle of blacks opened, and the over-seer stepped forward. A short axe glittered in his right hand, as he threateningly pointed to a young negro who lay insensible, and covered with blood, in the arms of his companions.

"Pompey! the awkward scoundrel," said the overseer, grimly, "has put his finger, with which he was holding the bundle of sugar-cane, between the wheels. Nothing was to be done but to hew off the hand, lest the whole arm should be drawn in, too; and, luckily my axe was quick enough to save the rascal for light work, at least."

"Which hand is it?" cried Libertas.

"The right," said the overseer, with a tone of vexation.

"Then he may hold the cane in future with the left," cried the Intendant. "He shall not get clear of the mill, the scoundrel. Into the hospital with him, and when he is healed, give him a hundred lashes, that he may learn to take better care. Call the surgeon."

"He is never near when he is wanted," said one of the other overseers. "He is running about over the hill, searching after weeds."

"Burn it, that the rascal may not bleed to death. Away with him," cried Libertas. "That is the third this year," he added, angrily, and turned to the company. "The sugar-mill they hate like death, and they try to get away from it at any price, even of a couple of fingers, or a hand. But it shall not avail them; as long as they have a stump left, they shall hold the cane."

"Bravo! Libertas," cried the Marquis, with brutal joy; "don't be too indulgent, be steady above all things, good chains, heavy whips, sharp oversight, and a whipping now and then at the post—that's the way I do, and no one has better slaves."

"What is the matter? Helen," said Charmilly, anxiously, and turning to his pale, trembling niece. "You appear to be ill, my poor child. Your tender nature is not accustomed to this way of thinking and acting. You have come back to us in an evil hour."

"Help the poor negro down there, dear uncle," exclaimed the young maiden, with convulsive emotion. "Gracious God! to hack off his hand so inhumanly, and no physician to help him, not a kind word to comfort him, nothing but wrath, and rough words, and punishment for his sufferings."

With this she sunk sobbing upon the shoulder of the planter, who endeavored to comfort her as well as he could. "If a heedless finger is caught in the crushing-wheel of the mill," said he, "nothing is left for the safety of the man, but a quick blow of the axe, which of course the overseer always keeps ready. But wounds heal here very soon. In a few weeks the creature will be well again, and, put to lighter labor, will feel himself happy that he has only one hand."

"It is singular," said the Marquis, with a dark smile, "how most of the novices from Europe usually bring with them such soft hearts, which, however, soon become very different things. Every blow upon a black skin, forces their tears to gush, but the musquetoes have hardly sucked a little of the blood out of their veins, before they become even more ingenious in punishment than we old ones. I knew a lady," he continued, with a scornful glance at the pale niece of de Charmilly, "who, when she first came here, from a Paris boarding-school, shed floods of tears over every crushed centipede, but in six months after, she had the eye-lids of one of her house-slaves sewed back to her forehead, because she fell asleep on her bed, and threw a cup off the table. At last it was one of her particular amusements to have her slaves flogged while she was at her toilette, like the Roman ladies Juvenal tells us of; or, for a pupishment, she would stamp her coat of arms on the shoulders of her women, or wherever the fancy took, with burning sealing-wax. It was a pleasure to see how she ruled the whole plantation with a wink of her bright eye, from the husband, and Intendant, down to the smallest slave."

"Where is M. St. Vincent?" asked Helen, rising.

"The tender-hearted gentleman," replied Borel, with a sneer, "is probably down there at the smithy. I suppose he wants to see how they burn and heal the black blockhead."

"Let us go out, uncle, I cannot breathe here," gasped the young lady. She took a few hasty steps forward, suddenly closed her eyes, and fell fainting in the arms of the planter. Libertas, alarmed, called and rung for help.

Half-a-dozen slaves, male and female, rushed in, with the housekeeper at their head, and a scene of noise and confusion ensued. They hastened to bear the fainting lady into a cool room. Libertas scolded about the physician, who was never at hand, the nimble tongue of the housekeeper dealt out orders, and her bony fist smart blows among the awkward attendants, until at last Borel's lady hastened to afford her aid. The stout M. de Charmilly was greatly agitated. "Since I have seen her, I reproach myself," said he, sadly, "for having called her here. This weak, delicate frame, will scarcely be able to sustain this tremendous climate, and all the strange things that happen here. Helen is the only daughter of my brother. She was early an orphan. I have had her educated, and lonely as I am here, I have been wishing for some time to have her with me. And now at last she is here, and my heart trembles at the thought of losing her." He listened anxiously at the door of the neighboring room. "I hear her voice," he cried; "she has revived. My child, my dear child, compose yourself. M. Libertas will lend us his carriage, and we will go immediately home, where you shall have more rest."

The last words were lost as he stepped into the room where Helen was. Borel puffed out a volume of cigar smoke. "Quickly, the carriage," said he, in a whisper, "and off with the old knave and his Parisian doll. I have not shaken her tender nerves to no purpose. We have much to do. The National Assembly counts upon your vote. We mean to pack off Blancheland, and all his clan, over the sea. The colony must be free, before the so-called National Commissaries arrive from France. We will strain every nerve to clear ourselves from these connections, and with our money find assistance in arms. Read this paper. It is the impeachment of the Governor-General, and will cost him his head. And here are the witnesses, and their signatures. Put your name to it, Libertas; the traitor must fall. But they interrupt us here, come into your cabinet, the bell rings for vespers, it is night, but our day is beginning. You shall hear all."

2.

When Vincent hastened into the work-yard of the plantation, the slaves who had gathered around the wounded man, opened before him. They had laid the poor fellow on a mat, which was soaked with his blood. Twilight was coming rapidly on, and the gloomy faces of the slaves were reddened by the glow of the fire in the smithy, as the bellows blew up the flames. Women and naked children were mingled in the group, but contrary to the usual custom of this thoughtless race, every tongue was silent, and only the moans of the sufferer broke the silence. As Vincent looked into the circle, he saw the postillion of the Intendant kneeling by the mat, and performing the office of physician. The soft, juicy leaves of a large plant were skilfully crushed by him, and in the thick oily gluten a patch was soaked, which nearly covered the wound, and appeared to adhere to it firmly. The copious bleeding was staunched, and the physician was endeavoring to stop it entirely by an additional plaster. Upon the other side kneeled a negro of the blackest description, whose ugly features were, in a singular manner, half hidden by a white veil. Long white and red lines were drawn over his face and arms, and in his hands he had two little wands which he waved now over the body and head of the sufferer, and now over his own head, in an endless variety of motions. His lips moved with ceaseless rapidity, but without audible sound. He was repeating prayers, incantations, and magical formulas, which the son of the Desert had not forgotten in the land of Slavery. It was an Obi, a priest, the scorn of the white, who gazed with concealed laughter at his odd distortions, which they would not interrupt, for the sake of the amusing spectacle. But many of the slaves devoutly watched every movement of their priest, without considering that they themselves, as well as that Fetishe worshipper, were Christians, and had, at the command of their master, been baptized.

Suddenly the stout overseer, whose axe had been so quick and sharp, approached with a red-hot shovel from the smithy.

"Make way there!" cried he, and pushed the nearest of the slaves aside. "Take away those patches, and hold up his arm. We'll give it a cooling."

"Massa Valsain," said the black physician, respectfully, "you see the blood is stopped, and the wound almost closed."

"How, you stupid d—l," cried the overseer, "do you think I am going to burn coals for nothing?—Away with your stuff! Off with you, or this iron shall mark you, like your horses, and singe the wool of that witch-master there, and give him a tonsure like a Christian Abbé."

"He was about to seize the arm of the negro, when Vincent stepped before him. "Stop," said he, "you see, your rough help is not needed."

"I follow the orders of my master," replied Valsain, pertly, "and take lessons from nobody. I am head-overseer on this plantation, and must answer for the recovery of the fellow. It must be burned."

"Add to your inhumanity if you dare!" cried Vincent.

A low murmur ran through the throng of slaves. Long concealed fury appeared to flash from their faces.

"Who dares to murmur here?" roared the savage fellow, and tore his axe from his girdle.

"Well, if no one ventures it, I will," said a clear voice, in bad French, and a little pale-faced man pressed into the circle. His green coat he carried tied up as a bundle, full of plants, his straw hat, filled with all kinds of leaves, he held in the other hand, and from a leather strap hung, over a dirty white waistcoat, a covered basket, from which appeared sticking forth, the stalks and leaves of flowers. All these valuables he threw at once upon the ground, and kneeled down by the side of the wounded man. "Aha," cried he, "this is one of your little jobs, Master Valsain. The finger in the mill, and your axe is there like a stroke of lightning. But go to the d—l with your shovel! You can dissect, but you are a poor hand at healing. Toussaint, my child, that is a beautiful dressing, *cyathea speciosa*. God made it for the delight of the physician, and palm oil, pure palm oil! Ah, my child, it is a pity you have not a white skin. You would have been a doctor that one had no need to be ashamed of. But poor devil, poor Pompey, the hand is off, and my knife and saw will take off a little piece from the stump. We must have a clean, smooth wound, no rag or bit of skin hanging; yet whimper not, my son, art is all powerful, and a skilful artist will help thee. Take him up, children, carry him to the hospital. And he shall sleep to-night as sweetly as a Prince of Congo, that is, of course, if fever does not prevent."

"Take him off," cried the overseer, with a rough laugh, "it is a pretty piece of work I've made for you, Master Bertrand, while you were creeping about in the mountains, gathering this cattle's fodder,"—and he contemptuously pushed the doctor's bundle of plants with his foot—"but get this Pompey well soon, and take good care to make his skin tough, for he must have a touch of the whip, and you will have him on your hands again, sooner than you think."

"I wish," said the pale physician, as he angrily gathered up his plants, "that you shameful fellows only knew how much power and virtue Nature has put into these little green tokens of its wisdom. Off with ye. Follow me, children, carry him gently. He has need, the poor rogue."

At that moment the evening bell of the plantation sounded, the signal for rest and prayer. The blacks and their white tormentors threw themselves upon their knees, repeating the accustomed Ave Maria, with folded hands, and their lips mechanically uttering the sacred words. "Forgive us our sins, O Lord! Holy mother of God pray for us!" muttered the African priest, while his eyes, turned upon the praying Valsain, gleamed with the desire of revenge. He knew not what he was saying. He was only obeying the whip of his master. On the bloody lash of that hung faith, love, and prayer, and *that* it was that forced these poor slaves to be Christians, and to bless their oppressors. In a moment, the prayer was all forgotten. The authority of the overseer dispersed the many-colored crowd to their huts. The workshops were shut up, the slaves scattered with noise and laughter, and only a few looked sadly and earnestly after those who bore the wounded man away, as they slowly disappeared in a neighboring building.

Shocked and indignant at the sight he had witnessed, Vincent proceeded to look about over the plantation. He entered the high enclosure, within which the huts of the slaves were standing, and which separated their prisons from their place of labor. Here bloodhounds lay chained, eyeing with savage looks, the slaves as they passed in. The moment was at hand when they would be let loose, to prowl around the huts, and tear any one in pieces who did not keep himself within the narrow precincts of his poor habitation. A fearful instinct had taught the dogs to share the contempt and hatred with which their masters regarded the blacks. The young officer directed his steps through the rows of wretched cabins to an eminence beyond, where some palms were rocking their wondrous tops in the last glow of evening, and an impenetrable hedge of prickly giant aloes, served to wall in the plantation.

Vincent leaned against the trunk of one of these lofty palms in deep sadness. "Ill-used humanity," he said, half-aloud, "when wilt thou awake,—when will thy dignity and greatness cease to be disgraced and trampled upon by thine own children? Alas, only too true is it, that suffering and wretchedness can alone lead to improvement, that every step towards better things must be purchased with blood and the conflicts of races. Ye insolent murderers down there, well may ye tremble before the vengeance which gleams in the eyes of your servants; the slave's thirst for revenge is unquenchable. Poor Helen, poor tender heart, flee from this burning soil. Every step on it is accursed. Every kernel of the rich harvest a slave's hand has sown; among curses has it ripened, with curses is it gathered, and curses hover over the ship of the merchant which bears it to the thoughtless revellers in Europe."

As these thoughts were passing through his mind, the moon at its full, rose glowingly red over the woods of the Mornes, and the valley in which the slaves' huts stood, lay at rest in the heavenly brightness. A breath of air, laden with the aroma of thousands of flowers, swept over the plantation. Myriads of brilliant insects rose, and like a rainbow of flaming drops, floated over those wretched cabins. Sparkling suns seemed to glitter around the tops of the trees. The brook murmured softly below, and high in the air passed silently, a flock of flamingos, bathing their fiery breasts in the silver light.

Vincent's melancholy was changed into delight, and a still rapture filled all his heart. "They have said truly," he cried, "this rich island, this pearl of the ocean, is worth more than half Europe. The inexhaustible fruitfulness of these valleys could supply a larger world than this poor little planet, with wealth and with spices. O, how gloriously beautiful is this creation even in its condemnation, and how grand will it become when freedom shall reign here, and man's noblest powers shall be exerted to conquer the wilderness, and this strong African race, cultivated and trained up to the exercise of intelligence, shall here realize a new paradise."

The wild tones of a reedpipe and the rattle of a tambourine broke in upon his emotions. He looked down into the green spot in the centre of the slaves' huts, and his features again wore their former expression of sadness. A number of half-naked, unearthly looking figures were dancing, with insane shouts, a wild African dance. The bare black bodies shone in the moonlight. He saw their indecent gestures, expressive only of a brutish sensuality; the furious leaps, which betokened only that low, animal enjoyment, which the companions of the jackal and tiger may be supposed to delight in; and with every burst of their inarticulate, unhumanized cries, hope sank within him.

"How long is it," he cried, in despair, "to that day! When, ye disinherited children, when will ye reach it? Or must it indeed be, that these beings bear the name of humanity to no purpose, that the brain of the African, parched and burnt by the sun, is to remain forever as barren as his native deserts? A mongrel race, who wear the features of men, but have no sense of the rights of men; somewhat superior to apes, but inferior to the white race, whose slaves and beasts of burden they are created to be. O! away with the hateful thought, and away with you, ye senseless creatures. Awake and be men, or put off the shapes of men, and raise not your faces to heaven."

He quickly descended the hill, and, avoiding the spot where the dance was going on, he approached the huts. At the last hut he stopped, and, looking into a low window, trellised by strips of the bark of the palm-tree, he surveyed the humble dwelling. The building, of a conical shape, consisted of slight, upright stakes, interwoven with palm-leaves. A partition divided it, mats covered the floor. The door, made of reeds, stood open, and swarms of musquetoes and beetles flew in and out unchecked. On the walls hung some clothes and utensils; an old desk, with claw feet, indicated that the inmates enjoyed some degree of favor, while on the desk, to Vincent's surprise, stood a row of books which were crowded between two shelves. A light was burning on the lid of the desk, and its faint glimmer fell upon a black woman, who was squatting on the ground, feeding two naked children with pieces of coarse corn-bread, and some dry sweet potatoes. A third, and smaller child, busy with his part of the meal, was seated upon the lap of his father, who occasionally turned tenderly to listen to the prattle of his child, and then resumed the reading of a book which lay open before him, and in which he seemed deeply engaged.

At the first glance, Vincent recognized the coachman of M. Libertas, the old negro, who had, more than once in the course of the day, arrested his attention, and now, strongly attracted, he entered the cabin.

Instantly, and with an humble air, the coachman rose up and crossed his arms on his breast. The woman and children ceased eating, casting timid glances toward him, and the smallest child crept behind the apron of its mother.

"If I disturb you, my friend," said Vincent, kindly, "I must immediately retire. I came in only because, as I was going by, a strange sight met me, a man with a black skin engaged with books, and an old acquaintance besides, to whom I am eager to say, how much I honor his inquiring spirit."

"This is the gentleman, the officer," said the negro, turning to the woman, "who so generously protected me to-day. Thank him, Eneria, thank him, my children, he has protected your father."

The woman fell upon her knees and the children beside her. Vincent would fain have prevented their thanks. The homely black face of the woman was wonderfully brightened with gratitude and admiration. Tears streamed down her cheeks, she held fast hold of the children, and looked timidly up to the proud European. "O, that I could only do more for you," cried Vincent, "could I only protect you forever, and make you happy!"

"We are not wholly unhappy, Sir," replied Toussaint, gently; "we have companions in suffering who are far worse off. My fate is mild in comparison with that of others. Master Libertas grants me many privileges; he allows me leisure to read and write. My tasks are not heavy. We have health. I have a wife, who loves and helps me, and three little rogues of children who might well cheer sadder hearts."

"And have you thought, also, of their future, my friend?" asked Vincent.

An earnest, almost rebuking look answered the question of the white man. "The future is hidden from all men, and the fate of man is forever changing. Why should we despair, before these young limbs grow strong? The sun goes and comes, and its beams may see here, as well as elsewhere, the happy creatures of God. In privation and patience hope grows strong, and virtue learns to rely on the wisdom of Providence."

Vincent gazed with astonishment at the thoughtful black face of the speaker. As he stood before him, meekly, yet proudly, his hands folded, his calm large eye so clear and so penetrating, seeming as if it would search the very centre of the heart of his guest, the relation between the two appeared to be inverted, and the white man bowed as before a superior spirit.

"Where did you learn this philosophy?" cried Vincent.

The negro took up the book which he had been reading. "From a companion in suffering," said he, with a smile, "who some hundreds of years ago was in his slave's garb, free and contented."

He handed the little work to the officer. It was an abstract of the sayings of Epictetus.* Here and there on the margin were comments in the hand-writing of the negro. Just at the beginning were some half-obliterated lines as follow: "Patience and privation," read Vincent, "this is the lot of men. But their labor it is, with a wise mind, to search out the evil which obstructs the reign of truth on the earth. Man, do battle with thy passions. They are thy worst foes. Despond not in the rugged way, be vigilant, invincible, wrestle after good, strive after the best. The earth is given to thy spirit. Air and water are thy subjects. The spirit shall conquer and reign through its powers. O! my brothers, hasten and learn; happy that you may learn what the centuries have gathered and learnt for thee. Knowledge makes rich, prudence strong, wisdom free. Be wise and prudent, and you will be happy!"

"By Heaven!" cried Vincent, "you are a modern Epictetus. But are you not he, who, a few hours ago, assured M. de Charmilly, that you knew not what you should do if Libertas were to give you your freedom?"

"It was not of me individually that they were speaking," replied the negro, calmly. "They were talking about the condition of my brethren. And what do the poor slaves know? Who has ever taught them to be prudent and wise? When the gentleman questioned me in scorn, how should I have answered? Should I have said, 'Give us freedom, proud masters, be humane, just, towards those who bear the same name with you, and who have received from heaven an equal right with you to be free and happy: obey the orders which you have received from across the sea, and you will see that we can be faithful and intelligent laborers.' O, Sir, at such an answer your scorn would soon have been turned into rage, and my maimed body would soon have been stretched, as a warning, upon the wheel. But I thought then, too, how savage and cruel the slave is, when he has broken his chains, what sufferings we have to avenge, and I trembled in every limb. I heard the death-rattle, I saw the mountains of the slaughtered, the flames and heaps of ashes, far as the eye could reach, and at that moment it seemed to me better to be forever a slave than to witness such horrors."

"And for this," said Vincent, with a tone of pity, "you must now labor a week in the sugar-mill, exposed to all the cruelty of this Valsain"

The negro cast a proud and melancholy look upon his guest. "From *that*," said he, in a low voice, "I shall know how to protect myself. Master Libertas will let me off, I suspect."

"He will do very wrong, if he does!" cried the little Doctor, who just then entered the cabin. "A couple of weeks in the mill cannot do thee the least harm, my child. In the first place, because thou art continually interfering with my business, and art not only blabbing all thy prescriptions to the horses, asses, and calves, and secondly, because, with thy roots, and weeds, and salves, thou art getting all thy brethren out of my hands, who are as little like thee as thistles are to the palm-tree. And thirdly, and lastly, because thou thyself dost never fall into my hands. But go thou into the mill, and there at least thou art awkward enough to get a finger or two jammed, or perhaps a whole hand, or it may be some little yellow-snake, among the cane, will give thee a bite, and so cost thee a pretty limb, which must be cut off, or hewn off, or burnt, before the blood circulates, and the whole high-priced animal is swelled up with poison like a toad, or burst in pieces like an otter."

"Instead of this," continued the Doctor, "the fool sits here, reading books. Look you, Mr. Officer, books like this Epictetus, this fool of fools, who let his master strike him, then said quite composedly: 'Hear, Epaphrodites, you will certainly break my leg.' Whereupon Epaphrodites makes proof of the matter, and breaks the leg right off, and the silly old fellow, as composedly as ever, ate his supper, and was pleased merely to remark, 'Thou seest now, that it is broken. It serves you right,'—and so quite satisfied, he laughed. But whoever follows him, is certain to become happy, and here this black Epictetus might make a little proof upon himself, to which, with all politeness, I now invite him."

"If master Bertrand ever sees me in the sugar-mill, he shall have the experiment he desires," said Toussaint, with a smile.

"Good," cried the physician, "and I will hold thee to thy word. But what is the old man studying? Look here"—And he took up the light, and showed the titles of the books—"*Herodotus's* History of the wars of the Greeks and Persians; *Guzetard's* Military Memoirs of the Greeks and Romans; *Life and Exploits of the Marshal of Saxony; De Clairson's History of Alexander and Cæsar.* What! will the black coachman become, perhaps, an under officer in the Colonial militia.—*Scriptores de re militaria.* Is it possible! a Latin book! Foolish man! of that thou dost not understand a word—Cæsar's Commentaries by *De Crene;* English edition of Socrates; *Cornelius Nepos; Plutarch*—that's better; *Ollean's* History of the Revolutions in Spain and England. That's a dangerous book for thee, my friend. How? and the accursed *Contrat Social* of Rousseau, and, worst of all, condemned to be burnt at Paris by the noble *Sarbonne; Histoire Philosophique et Politique des Etablissements et de Commerce d'Européens dans les deux Indes, par Guillaume Thomas Reynal.*—That is a volcano of Revolutions; the catechism of all modern rebels! To-morrow, as soon as it is day, I shall go and urge M. Libertas to snatch this dangerous poison out of thy black hands; or I had better take it with me now."

With marked earnestness the negro took the book out of the Doctor's hands, and restored it to its place. "To-morrow," said he, with emphasis, "we will talk about it,—it is time, master Bertrand,—you hear the overseer's horn, the doors of our prisons are about to be shut."

There was a tone of authority in these words, and they were accompanied with so proud a look, that even the little surgeon was intimidated.

"Strange man," said he, "dost thou not know? I was only jesting. I came hither merely to bring those little rogues there, Isaac and Placide, this paper of sugar-plums, and to tell thee that Pompey's arm is amputated and dressed. I have not seen so nice a wound since I was at Saratoga, where I *lightened* the English Major Wolf, of both his arms."

"To-morrow, master Bertrand," said the negro, "you shall tell me the *particulars;* and you M. St. Vincent, I pray God and his holy saints to give the poor Toussaint an opportunity to testify to you his fervent gratitude."

Vincent extended to him his hand, "I rejoice on having made this acquaintance," said he, "and I hope soon to see you delivered from this unmerited bondage."

"That is a kind wish," replied the negro, softly and meekly; "and may God's saints graciously realize it."

* Toussaint is known to have been an admirer of Epictetus.

From the Philanthropist.

THE OLD BROWN DOG.

Died, on the evening of Thursday, July 2d, after a short illness, which he bore with his accustomed equanimity, the Old Brown Dog. Whence he came, how he lived, who were his ancestors, nobody knows. His favorite haunt was the seat of intelligence—the Post-office—no matter where that might be located. For twenty years past he has resided in this city, and has generally signalized himself by attending with great sobriety, all grand processions. He was buried with due honors in the yard belonging to the Gazette buildings, and it is in contemplation, we learn, to rear a monument to his memory. He has been a good citizen—temperate, virtuous, peace-loving.

"None knew him but to love him,
None named him but to praise."

Peace to the Old Brown Dog! If there be hereafter a resurrection of his species, he certainly will be the first to rise.

From Clst's Advertiser.

THE OLD BROWN DOG OF THE POST-OFFICE.

One of the greatest curiosities of Cincinnati is LEAR, the *old brown dog*, who may be seen at almost any hour of the day in the purlieus of our city post-office, and as he has not, and probably never had an owner, may be numbered as one of the *familiars* of that establishment.

Amidst the various succession of postmasters—during the whole incumbencies of Burke, Taylor, and Crawford—amidst all the Presidential changes of Monroe, Adams, Jackson, Van Buren, Harrison, Tyler, and Polk, he still holds his post. How far back he made his first appearance the oldest inhabitants cannot tell, but I can find several who have noticed and recollected him for twenty years and more. During this period he was never known to follow any individual, even when tempted by caresses or the offer of food; in fact he has never been known to receive food from any person, invariably refusing when offered at his post. He has been followed by persons curious to ascertain where he feeds, but by some singular process contrives to defeat their purpose, by disappearing the instant their eye is turned to any other object, if but for one moment.

In each successive removal of the post-office he has always gone along, as if considering himself a part of the establishment. In the last case, following the first dray-load of moveables, and remaining at the new office ever since.

He attends all firemen's parades, military processions, political mass meetings, and every funeral of note in the city. At the funeral pageant, last year, in memory of Gen. Jackson, he crawled under the hearse, and kept under it the whole route—nearly two miles—although considerably exhausted by the effort, the day being uncommonly sultry and close.

During the whole course of his long life, he has never been known to have been meddled with by other dogs, or to have taken any notice of his species, nor to have recieved any ill usage from any individual, man or boy, by whom he is extensively known and regarded as a priveleged character.—Hundreds having business at the post-office, who would unhesitatingly kick any other dog out of the road, step aside carefully, however great the throng, rather than tread on or insult the noble brute. He may be seen occasionally sunning himself at the door of the Trust Company or Franklin Bank, or the Bank Exchange, but is never guilty of lying at the door of a private residence. My friend, *Rabbi Jonas*, who believes in the transmigration of souls, suggests that the spirit which animates LEAR was once that of a public officer, and of an individual of the most aristocratic bearing. Apart from the usual instincts and remarkable sagacity of dogs, there is much that is mysterious and unaccountable in the history and habits of LEAR, a part only of which are here stated.

There have been more sonnets, addresses, &c. of which Lear is the subject, than on the Stella or Vanessa of Swift, or the *Laura* of Petrarch. One of these, written, as I believe, by a young lawyer of Cincinnati, whose name is an heir loom of genius, military, political, and oratorical, is republished from the Cincinnati Daily Gazette as appropriate to this notice:

There is an old brown dog,
That roams about our streets,
But no one knows from whence he came,
Or where he sleeps or eats.
His name—his race—and business here,
Are hidden in a fog.
There seems to me a mystery
About that brown old dog.

He often haunts the Post-office,
His letter never comes—
He sometimes visits Louderback's,
But buys no sugar plums—
He curls himself beside the door
Which leads to the Gazette,
But never asks the latest news
Nor seems disposed to bet.
He dogs no master round,
Like most of his degree,
But through the longest winter day,
In one lone spot is he.
And there with head between his paws,
He lies mid snow or rain,
As some dog-ma wild and vague
Perplexed his troubled brain.

And oftentimes I stop
And gaze, and try to trace
The mournful thoughts that seem to flit
Across his wrinkled face.
Perhaps he dreams of days
When filled was pleasure's cup,
Of days of sunshine, mirth, and joy.
When he was but a pup.

The voice he once obeyed
May long have died away,
But still he waits to hear its call,
From weary day to day.
He dreams of ancient times,
Nor can he quite suppress
A sigh—when visions real arise
Of bones—now marrowless.

Enough—I do not wish
To pry in his affairs,
But on his breast he seems to bear
A weight of heavy cares.
His name—his race—his business here
Are hidden in a fog,
There seems to be a mystery
About that *brown old dog.* TAG.

From the Evening Post.

ART-UNION ENGRAVING FOR 1846.

The Art-Union has directed to be engraved for this year a picture of Leutze, the subject of which is the parting of Sir Walter Raleigh with his wife before his execution. The painter has treated the subject with great beauty and pathos, and, so far as may be judged from the progress already made, the engraver, Jones, who works with both skill and despatch, will preserve much of the effect of the picture.

One of the members of the Art-Union, in a neighboring State, has sent to the Committee of Management an ancient copy of William Penn's book entitled, "No Cross, No Crown," in which is a letter of Sir Walter Raleigh, written to his wife after the sentence of death had been pronounced upon him. Penn calls the writer as extraordinary a man as the nation had produced, "in his person well-descended, of health, strength and a masculine beauty; in understanding quick, in judgment sound; learned and wise, valiant and skilful; a historian, a philosopher, a general, a statesman." As the letter is beautiful in itself, and furnishes a most striking illustration of Leutze's fine picture, we copy it:—

Sir Walter Raleigh's letter to his wife after his condemnation.

"You shall receive, my dear wife, my last will in these lines. My love I send you, *that* you may keep when I am dead, and my counsel, that you may remember it when I am no more. I would not with my will present you sorrows. Dear Bess, let them go to the grave with me, and be buried in the dust. And seeing that it is not the will of God that I shall see you any more; bear my destruction patiently, and with a heart like yourself.

"First I send you all the thanks that my heart can conceive or my words express for your many travels and cares for me; which, though they have not taken effect as you wished, yet my debt to you is not the less, but pay it I never shall in this world. Secondly, I beseech you by the love you bear me living, that you do not hide yourself many days—But by your travels seek to help my miserable fortunes and the right of your poor child; your mourning cannot avail me who am but dust. Thirdly, you shall understand that my lands were conveyed *bona fide* to my child; the writings were drawn at mid-summer was a twelvemonth, as divers can witness, and I trust, that my blood will quench their malice who desired my slaughter, that they will not seek to kill you and yours with extreme poverty.

"To what friend to direct you I know not; for all men have left me in this time of tryal. Most sorry am I that being surprised by death I can leave you no better estate. God hath perverted all my determinations, that great God who worketh all in all. If you can live free from want, care for no more, for the rest is but a vanity. Love God and begin betimes; in Him you shall find true, everlasting, and endless comfort. When you have travelled and wearied yourself with all sorts of worldly cogitations, you shall sit down by sorrow in the end.

"Teach your son also to serve and fear God, whilst he is young, that the fear of God may grow up in him; then will God be a husband to you, and a father to him, a husband and a father that can never be taken from you.

"Dear wife, I beseech you, for my soul's sake, pay all poor men. When I am dead, no doubt but you will be much sought unto; for the world thinks I was very rich. Have a care to the fair pretences of men, for no greater misery can befal you in this life than to become a prey unto the world and after to be despised. As for me, I am no more yours nor you mine; death has cut us asunder, and God hath divided me from the world and you from me.

"Remember your poor child for his father's sake, who loved you in his happiest estate. I sued for my life, but God knows it was for you and yours that I desired it. For know it, my dear wife, your child is the child of a true man, who in his own respect despiseth death and his mis-shapen and ugly forms.

"I cannot write much; God knows how hardly I steal this time, when all are asleep. And it is also time for me to separate my thoughts from the world. Beg my dead body which living was denyed you; and either lay it in Sherburne or in Exeter Church, by my father and mother. I can say no more; time and death call me away. The everlasting God, powerful, infinite and inscrutable, God Almighty who is Goodness itself, the true Light and Life, keep you and yours, and have mercy on me, and forgive my persecutors and false accusers, and send us to meet in his glorious kingdom. My dear wife, farewell; bless my boy, pray for me; and let my true God hold you both in his arms.

"Yours that was, but not now my own,
"WALTER RALEIGH."

MONUMENT TO REV. DR. EMMONS.—The people of Franklin, Mass. where Rev. Nathaniel Emmons, D. D labored so long in the ministry, have erected in the public square of the village, a neat and appropriate monument to his memory. He was one of the most remarkable men of the last generation.

GLEANINGS FROM FOREIGN PAPERS.

Church Pews.—At a meeting of the Pastoral Aid Society, held in London last week, Lord Ashley in the chair, the Bishop of Norwich strongly expressed his disapprobation of the plan of making private property of the interior of churches by filling them with pews. "The Church of England," he said, "ought to be the poor man's friend, but had it proved itself to be so? Where was the accommodation for the poor man in the parish churches of our country? Why, in aisles and retired spots, and in recesses where he was excluded from the sight of his pastor. (Hear, hear.) It was long ago that he raised his voice against the tyrant monopoly of pews, and few did he find to support his efforts.—But he had lived to see a day which he never expected, when it was becoming the prevailing opinion of the country that the pew system was a monopoly which was not justifiable in any church. About three hundred years ago there was scarcely a pew to be found in the country. If that system had existed till now, all the churches would be open to the many; and if, under such circumstances, some one, from superior influence or other causes, one day claimed the right to take exclusive possession of twelve square feet in a place of worship, all would have pronounced him a lunatic, and confined him accordingly. As those views had now spread and taken root, he hoped that the pernicious system of which he spoke would soon be entirely swept away.

Relief Synod.—The Synod, last week, before adjourning to meet in Glasgow, in October, came to the following deliverance on the subject of Slavery:—

"That slaveholding, as now existing in the United States of America, is a sin against man and God—that it is peculiarly heinous when practised by professing Christians—the Synod, therefore, resolves that, having previously remonstrated with them, it is now the imperative duty of the Synod to refuse Christian fellowship with American slaveholders, and slaveholding churches, until they confess and forsake their iniquity."

A Small Favor—The gossip Rumor says that, in one of her letters to her imperial husband, the Empress of Russia wrote as follows: "Since we have been married I have never asked you for anything; to-day I have a favor to demand, you will not surely refuse me; my health, perhaps my life, depend upon it—make me a present of Sicily."—The monthly expenditure of the Empress and her court, during her stay in Italy, which she has now left, is estimated at 1,000,000f.

Appropriate Monument to Mrs. Fry.—It is proposed to establish "an institution for the temporary reception of females discharged from the metropolitan prisons and police offices, who are anxious to reform their lives, to be called Elizabeth Fry's Refuge."—*Norfolk News.*

The Refuge for Female Prisoners anxious to reform their lives, established in memory of Mrs. Fry, is receiving general support. Her Majesty has become its patroness, and subscribed fifty guineas, Prince Albert £25, and the King of Prussia has become a contributor.

It is rumored that Dickens is preparing, with his wife and family, for a tour to Constantinople.

Lady Free-Traders.—The London correspondent of the *Freemason's Journal*, referring to the debate of Friday night and Saturday morning, in the House of Commons, observes: "The strangers' gallery continued crowded to the last, a rare occurrence in case of protracted debate; and, among those who might be seen to emerge from the lobbies at half-past four this (Saturday) morning, were several elegantly-dressed females—the ladies of members—whose pallid faces told that they, too, had sat out the long, but interesting discussion."

"There goes the deathblow of feudality," was the true and pithy remark of Dr. Arnold, when he saw the first train pass Rugby.

Mr. Cobden's Health.—Cobden, I am sorry to say, still continues very weak. It is believed that he has undoubtedly sown in him the seeds of a rapid decline. He has fought hard for the cause of free trade—he deserves the name of a philanthropist, and I have strong hopes that he will be preserved for other and still more noble battles than those of the past. He is unable to attend the House at present.—*Correspondent of the Sheffield Iris.*

A Norfork cottager, one John Digby, writes to the *Norfolk Chronicle*, that he has discovered a berry growing in the hedges which